# XERXES,

A

# TRAGEDY,

As it is ACTED at the *NEW THEATRE* in *Little Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

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## Written by *C. CIBBER.*

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*Quot Homines, Tot Sententiæ.*

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*LONDON,*

Printed for *Richard Basset*, at the *George*, over against the *Inner-Temple-Gate*, in *Fleet-street*, 1699.

# XERXES,

A

# TRAGEDY.

To my Worthy Friend

# *SAMUEL ADAMS*

OF

# WOLVERTON *Gent.*

I Can't tell why an Old Friend and Kinſman, ſhou'd not give a Man as good a Title to a Dedication, as a fine Coat, and a great Perriwig; Two Qualities, that of late, are thought as ſtrictly Requiſite in a Faſhionable Patron, as a Clap, and a Duel, to the compleating a Gentleman.

And indeed, it's no wonder that our late Plays are ſo Barren, ſince we generally ſee our Authors reſerve their Gall and Satyr, for their Dedications, where they ſeem to ſmile in the Patron's Face; and are civilly calling him Coxcomb, by a long Repetition of thoſe Virtues, which Half the Town is heartily convinc'd, he is not the leaſt Tainted with: And thus, (as *Apelles* diſpleas'd with his Painting an Horſe's Foam, gave it the moſt heightning Touch, by throwing his Penſil at it in a Fury) theſe Gentlemen that are ſo very tame, and civil in their Satyr, are moſt Satyrical in their Panegyricks, and never ſo compleatly ſhow a Fop, as when they are hardeſt at work upon the fine Gentleman.

Now, my end in ſending you this Play with your Name to't, was purely to let pou ſee, that I ſtill take a Pleaſure in thinking of you, though at this Diſtance; and (if you find it worth a Room in your

your Cloſet) that it might now and then, put you in Mind of the Author: Beſides, I owe you many Thanks for your Care of my Brother, and wiſh I had a more effectual way of returning them; in the mean time, be pleas'd to take this Preſent in part of Payment; though I am apt to believe, ſhou'd I be ever Paying, I ſhall never be out of your Debt; for even your protection of this Trifle is running on freſh Score: For, whatever Fortune *Xerxes* may have found in Town, I knew your Name wou'd be the ſureſt means to give him a Favourable Reception in the Country; and though the Ladies thereabouts ſhou'd think it but a dull Afternoons Entertainment in it Self; yet, if you happen to be by at the Reading, it will at leaſt be diverting in the Conſequence: For even Poetry can't make you Ill Company: They'll want no Muſick between the Acts, having the Relief of your Converſation; and they muſt certainly be deeply in Love with ſomething out of their reach, if that can't put 'em in Tune: For what Company, though never ſo dull'd, does not feel a new Life when you come into it, or is not Dead when you leave it? What Child, what Man, or (what's no little Wonder) what Woman is not pleas'd with you, which they are ſeldom known to be with any Man, that has ſo long forborn to Complement ſome one of their Sex with his Freedom? Yet ſo far you do Complement 'em too; Your not Marrying, is more than a Probability, that you will never meet with an Occaſion to have an Hearty Quarrel with any of them. Thus, with a little Expence of your Good Humour, you Purchaſe the Favour of that Sex, at the ſame time giving them Security, that you never will

will be their Enemy, by Loving any one of them too well; if every ones Love be any ſtep to Happineſs, there wants but the 'tother Half of the Worlds knowing you, to make you the Happieſt Man in it: While you are Maſter of ſuch an Eaſie Fortune, no Wiſe-Man but muſt approve your Choice: You have Preſerv'd your Liberty, and Taſted it; and how good a Friend ſoever you are to the Bottle, yet your worſt of Enemies can't but ſtill own that your a Batchelor, and no Poet: You never yet were ſo far overtaken, that you either Married, or Writ Verſes; which that you never may, (without any Complement to the Ladies) is (while Yours) the Real Wiſh, of

SIR,

*April* 20th. 1699.

*Your Oblig'd Friend*

*and Kinſman,*

C. CIBBER.

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THE

# THE PROLOGUE.

## Spoken by Mr. *Batterton.*

*LOng have we ſtrove, with Paſſion and Grimace,*
*To ſhow you Vice and Vertue's diff'ring Face:*
*Vertue's Reward has woo'd you to its Charms;*
*And Vice expos'd, ſhou'd laugh you from its Arms.*
*Vertue we vainly offer to your Taſte;*
*Tir'd with Inſtruction, and Agog for Jeſt,*
*T' abhor the wholeſome Plainneſs of the Feaſt.*
*In vain on Pois'nous Vice wou'd Satyr trample;*
*For what you ſhou'd contemn, is your Example:*
*In vain we wear the Buskin, or the Sandal;*
*Your judging falſe makes our Inſtruction Scandal.*
*The Wife provok'd to wrong her Husband's Bed,*
*Was meant his Cure, by puniſhing his Head:*
*But you from hence, not kind, but jealous grow;*
*Think all Wives falſe, when Uſage makes 'em ſo:*
*Reform the Brute, you keep the Woman true.*
*The Powder'd Fop, for Drawling Speech, and Dreſs,*
*Expos'd, ſhall laugh: But then ſo likes his Face,*
*He dreſſes in the Stage's Looking-Glaſs.*
*The High-kept Miſs, when ſhewn the Fate of Jilting,*
*Smiles! Gets a new Spark---- ſets Fools a Tilting.*
*A ſecond Time ſhe's warn'd, and ſo improves,*
*Till in due Time about the Pit ſhe roves,*
*Reduc'd to* Doily's *Stuff, no Stays, and dirty Gloves.*

*Thus ev'n ſage* Collier *too might be accus'd,*
*If what h'as writ's through Ignorance abus'd.*
*Girls may read him, not for the Truth he ſays,*
*But to be pointed to the Bawdy Plays:*
*Far be't to think ſuch his Intention was.*

*Thus*

*Thus ev'n ſound Phyſick, if wrong taken, ſhall*
*Inflame Diſeaſes, which it meant to heal:*
*Now, though Men die, Phyſick has Vertue ſtill.*
*Wou'd you but come with Minds attentive bent*
*To laugh at Follies, Vices to reſent;*
*Warn'd by the Dangers painted, wou'd you learn*
*To ſhun abroad what's here the Wiſe Man's Scorn;*
*Calm would be then the Zealot's haſty Rage;*
*And good Men, Fearleſs, might ſupport the Stage:*
*Then, as at* Athens, *to learn Vertue's Rules,*
*Crowds might we hope for from deſerted Schools,*
*To ſee our Labours, by juſt Laws allow'd;*
*And Publick Treaſures pay for Publick Good:*
*Like them encourag'd, we like them might write;*
Athenian Hearers *rais'd* Athenian *Wit.*
*In favour then of us, begin to day*
*To make a juſt Conſtruction of a Play:*
*So ſhall the impious* Xerxes *Terrour move*
*The chaſte* Tamira's *Tears from Ruin'd Love.*
*His firſt Attempt for Vertue you approv'd;*
*But now, fair Nymphs, by nobler Paſſion mov'd,*
*Our Author has to your juſt Praiſe deſign'd*
*A brighter Image of your Sexes Mind.*

# The EPILOGUE.

*TO Friends, or Foes, whatever Fortune ſends him,*
*Gallants, our Author thus, in ſhort, commends him.*
*If from his preſent Dulneſs, Sirs, you fear*
*The Danger of his Writing once a Year,*
*To cure his future Itch of Writing Ill,*
*Now Headlong throw him to the Muſes Hell.*
*But if from what you've ſeen, your Thoughts incline,*
*That any Sparks of Heat or Genius ſhine,*
*Let looſe your Favours, wave Poetick Laws;*
*And to your Wiſhes, ſwell him with Applauſe.*

## *The Persons.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Xerxes, | King of *Persia.* | Mr. *Verbruggen.* |
| Mardonius, | His Generals. | Mr. *Hodgson.* |
| Attabanus, | | Mr. *Betterton* |
| Aranthes, | A Commander. | Mr. *Scudamore.* |
| Memnon, | *Artabanus*'s Lieutenant. | Mr. *Freeman,* |
| Cleontes, | The King's Creature. | Mr. *Thurmond,* |
| Poet. | An Impudent Fellow. | Mr. *Boin.* |
| Tamira, | Wife to *Artabanus.* | Mrs. *Barry.* |

Maskers, *Magi,* Soldiers, *&c.*

## The Scene *PERSIA.*

# XERXES.

## ACT I.

The Scene, *Near* Xerxes *Pallace.*

*Enter* Mardonius *and* Aranthes.

*Aran.* HAVE Patience, brave *Mardonius.*
*Mar.* Patience! 'Tis the Coward's Virtue.
I'm a Soldier brought up in Arms,
And when the noble End of Life is gone;
My Country's Honour loſt; my King with ſhame repuls'd;
Our Foes inſulting; we ſtill hopeleſs of Revenge;
Where is there room for Patience?
*Aran.* I am a Soldier, Sir.
*Mar.* Then talk like one.
*Aran.* I wou'd not talk; the Tongue's a Woman's weapon;
While there's a *Greek* on Earth, my Arm ſhall ſpeak my Thoughts.
*Mar.* Why didſt thou mention Patience then?
*Aran.* Becauſe I knew 'twoud Anger you.
I but oppos'd you, like a rapid Stream,
To make you Foam and Rowl with double force.
*Mar.* Or'e whom?
*Aran.* Th' *Athenians!* Think on *Salamis*;
In that deep Sea, the *Perſian* Honour ſunk.
'Twas there our dazling Sun, Great *Xerxes* Glory, ſet for ever.
*Mar.* Confuſion!
*Aran.* Does then the Name of *Salamis* offend you?
*Mar.* Furies and Hell! Canſt thou be pleas'd to hear it?
*Aran.* I am—— To hear it does offend you.
And now I've rais'd you to my End propos'd,
Iv'e that ſhall keep your brave Reſentment warm.
Read there the Liſt of our ſurviving Troops, [*Giving a Scrole.*
Which I with utmoſt care have join'd;
If yet you think it not too late to Head 'em,
To Morrow's Sun ſhall ſee a General Muſter,
Where every Face will ſpeak an Heart reſolv'd:
'Tis true, they're ſcarce an Handful

To the Numbers we ſet out with; yet ſtill
A brave Revenge, Revenge for Glory loſt,
Is ſuch an animating Cauſe,
As muſt inſpire our Arms with double Fury.

*Mar.* Ay, now the Soldier ſpeaks! This Talk becomes thee;
Methinks the Voice of Fate informs me now,
That proud *Themiſtocles* ſhall dearly buy
His boaſted Spoils of *Perſia*.
My Heart's on fire at the reviving Thought,
And bounds to be in Action.
No more remains, but that we ſeek the Drooping King,
And Form him for the vaſt Exploit.

*Aran.* Brave *Artabanus* is in ſearch of him;
'Tis ſaid, on Information, that the Enemy
Had a Deſign to hinder his Retreat;
He Poſted privately to th' *Helleſpont*,
But er'e he cou'd arrive a furious Storm
Had quite diſpers'd his Bridge of ſhips,
And that way ſtopt his Paſſage;
How he Eſcap'd, I hear not.
See, Sir, *Artabanus* comes;
We probably may learn of him.

*Enter* Artabanus *Dejected.*

My Lord! You're Wellcome! Doubly Wellcome now, but ſay,
How have the Gods diſpos'd our Maſter *Xerxes?*

*Mar.* If thou canſt utter ought,
That may advance our eager Hopes, be bold,
And let thy Words come forth, as if the Fate
Of *Greece* were lodg'd upon thy Tongue;
For know *Mardonius* ſtands with you reſolv'd
On brave Revenge, or Death.

*Art.* Then Wellcome Death, for brave Revenge is loſt.

*Mar.* What! while our Lives are Ours?

*Art.* Nothing is ours: *Xerxes* is no more Himſelf.

*Mar.* I grant *Thermopylæ* and *Salamis*
Have Alter'd him——
But yet he lives, and while he lives there's hope.

*Art.* Far leſs, than ev'n his Death cou'd give us:
'Tis true his Body crawls, and drags
A Frantick Being, his Soul is drown'd in lethe
Inſenſible, and deaf to Glory, or Diſhonour,
O! were it poſſible my Silence cou'd
Conceal his ſhame; By Heav'n
This loyal Hand ſhou'd ſtop my Tongue for ever.

*Mar.* Amazement ſeizes me, relate the Scene,
For my impatient Soul's all Ear to know
The Worſt, that Fate can Threaten.

*Art.* Behold him then, this fatal Monarch *Xerxes*,

Late Univerſal Maſter of the Earth and Seas:
Firſt of ſo Formidable, ſo vaſt an Army,
That as they mov'd, whole Rivers ſtill were drain'd,
To quench 'em on their thirſty March.
Th' or'e-bunden'd Earth grew weary of her Load,
And when they clos'd their Squadrons groan'd to bear 'em.

*Mar.* By Arms a glorious Hoſt, and wanting nothing but an Head.

*Art.* And that, Alas! grown weak the noble Body dies:
Ev'n by an handful at the Fam'd *Thermopylæ*,
( Fam'd indeed to *Græcian* Glory ) 'twas mangled All,
Moſt ſhamefully ſubdu'd, and loſt.

*Mar.* Nothing, but a *Xerxes*, cou'd ha' loſt 'em.

*Art.* Behold him yet a ſecond time,
The Maſter of his Fate: A Fleet ſo numerous,
Their vaſt Proviſion left a raging Famine on
The Neighbouring Coaſts: The ſpacious Earth
Was ſtript of Men, and Women till'd the Ground,
Ev'n the wide Element of Air cou'd ſcarce
Afford 'em Breath to fill their ſwelling Sails:
By Arms a glorious Body too; Invincible
To Mortal Thought: But conſcious Heav'n
Foreſeeing, while it thus beſtrid the Seas,
It muſt in Time have led the Earth in Chains,
Decreed it *Xerxes* for the fatal Head,
And that way Totter'd it to Ruin:
And now behold the amazing Change of Greatneſs!
By Heav'n, it ſtrikes my Soul to think
This awful Man, that Muſter'd half the World
In Arms, at *Salamis* ſhou'd be Reduc'd
So low, that ev'n a common Fiſher-Boat
Without one Slave, to wait his Nod was All
He cou'd Command, to ſave his Perſon in a ſhameful Flight.

*Mar.* Wer't not for ſhame, my Eyes wou'd melt to hear
The moving Tale: But Tears are too Effeminate, No!
Let Girls, and Lovers weep! A Soldier ſhou'd
Reſent his Fate: Why doeſt thou fold thy Arms,
And ſighing ſhake thy Head? Is there beyond
This ſhameful Flight yet more of ſhame?
For that's the only pain, that galls a Soldier.

*Art.* There is ( alas! ) and a ſevere one too! His Vain
His Proud, ( and what the Hiſtory of Man
Cou'd never Parallel ) his Monſtrous Reſolution
After Flight: He ſays he made th' *Athenians* Fly,
He loſt no Battle! *Greece* ſtill Trembles at his Name,
In Arms more Fam'd than ever,
And that the Envious World ſhould know,
And when amaz'd I urg'd the contrary,
He turn'd away, and talk'd to Sycophants,

Who as I ſpoke, ſtill ſooth'd his lethargy:
To ſumm the Tale, in ſpight of all Oppoſing ſenſe,
He has reſolv'd to enter *Perſia*,
In a ſplendid Triumph, I ſaw him move
Amidſt his ſhameful Pageantry, in all
The Haughty Pride, and State of an Inſulting
Conqueror; Poor Slaves, and Vagabonds are Hir'd,
To Perſonate the ſeeming Captives of
A Real Victory; vaſt Empty Coffers,
Suppos'd of Treaſure taken from the Enemy,
High Caſtled Elephants, Rich Gilded Trophies,
Spoils, and Armour, Trumpets, and Songs prepare his way,
The People ſtare upon the Gawdy ſhow,
And Rend the Skies with Ecchoed Wellcomes:
While he in ſolemn Pace ſtalks Proudly on,
And ev'n out ſwells the Hero of a Theatre.

*Aran.* O Vile Diſgrace of Arms! A Triumph! Hell!

*Mar.* Impoſſible!

*Art.* Then it can't be true: Would it were not.

*Mar.* Gods! —No more! I'll haſt, and ſtop this Vile Proceſſion,
Charge his Folly home; my Honeſt Tongue,
Ev'n from this Precipice of Towring Pride
Shall break his Fall, and catch him back to Glory. [*Exiturus.*

*Art.* Yet ſtay, my Lord, this Raſhneſs may be Fatal;
'Tis Madneſs to oppoſe the Mad, (For ſo
Indeed you'll find him) let this Fit of his
Wild Frenzy paſs; (I'm ſure 't muſt have an Interval)
Let's take him in his cooler Thoughts;
To Morrow were a fitter time.

*Mar.* You have Inſtructed me: 'Tis well! To Morrow then.

*Aran.* What if we mingled with the Crowd to ſee him paſs?

*Art.* I think 'twere well, to obſerve his Actions,
That we know to chide him.

*Mar.* Do you your Pleaſure:
For me, I dare not truſt my Temper.
I know 'twou'd burſt, and ruin all: Farewel. [*Exit. Art.*

*Art.* Hark, the Trumpets ſpeak him near at hand;
And ſee the Pageantry appears! [*They ſtand a part.*]

*Enter* Cleontes, *and a Poet preparing the way, and ordering the* Chorus *for the Triumphal Song.*

*Aran.* What are theſe?

*Art.* The ſame I told you were ſo buſie with the King;
While I exclaim'd againſt this Mad Solemnity:
That cringing Spark, now the Rough War is done,
Has purchas'd a Commiſſion in the ſtanding Guard;
The other is a Mungril Poet,
That never writ a Verſe he did not like,

Nor

Nor er'e lik'd any more, than thoſe the World had damn'd:
The Vulgar with his Madrigals are caught by th' Ears,
Exceſſive Impudence thruſts him into the Court:
And there they laugh to hear him praiſe himſelf.

*Aran.* Him I gueſs to be the Orderer of this Days Foolery;
What a *Chorus* too: We ſhall be entertain'd anon!

*Art.* Peace, lets obſerve 'em, [*They ſtand apart.*]

*Cleo.* O Glorious Day, were ever ſeen ſuch Crouds
Of pleas'd Spectators!

*Poet.* Ah! Happy People! Happy *Xerxes!*
Now we ſhall turn the Glaſs of Time,
And make it run the Golden Age again.

*Cleo.* Now Merit will have leave to ſhow her Head;
All Arts and Induſtry, the Heav'n-born Gift
Of Poetry ſhall Flouriſh,
And Men of Wit, like you, ſhall be rewarded:
Believe me, Sir, You Grace the Lawrel,
Great *Xerxes* did it Honour, when he plac'd it there.

*Poet.* I think ſo.

*Cleo.* You'll be the Envy of *Parnaſſus.*

*Poet.* I always was, Sir: For d'ye obſerve me,
While other Fools were drudging, to acquire
A Name by the Pathetick, and the Dull ſublime:
I unthought of, or'e a Bottle, would now and then
Surprize them with my Madrigals, my Songs,
My Whimms, and Knick-Knacks
Carry'd the Vogue of Town and Court before me;
Whipt off the Lawrel from Diſpairing Brows,
And by the Hand of Merit fix'd it on my own.

*Cleo.* Were it not time the *Paean* ſhould be Sung?
Wee're juſt upon the Palace.

*Poet.* Yes, Sir, it ſhall be ſung, and Glorioufly,
When I give the Word: I love to have 'em
Wait a little, it makes 'em take
The more notice of me—Now ſound, ye Slaves!
That all the World may Hear—my Words.

*Cleo.* Prepare, the King approaches.

*The* Chorus *being hang'd on each ſide the Stage, Enter* Loyalty, Love, Peace *and* Plenty.

*After a Martial Symphony,* Loyalty *Sings.*

Loyalty.

*PRepare, bleſt Sons of Art, prepare*
*To Raiſe the Thundring Voice of War:*
*Sing! ſing! and ſound the Hero's Fame,*
*Let Warlike Notes, his Warlike Deeds Proclaim.*

Chorus. *Sing, ſing,* &c.

Loy.

Loy. *Now ceaſe the Noiſe, and while we meet him,*
*Let Love and ſofter Joys make haſte to greet him.*
*Love* Advances.

Love. *Welcome Hero from the Toils of War!*
*Welcome! as Reſt to Pains and Care:*
*Welcome! as kind returning Day,*
*To Souls that dore the Night away!*
*Welcome! as Hope to Lovers in Diſtair.*

Chorus. *Welcome Hero from the Toils of War!*
*Peace* and *Plenty* comes forward.

Peace& Plenty. *See! ſee! what ſofter Bleſſings wait*
*The Happy Triumph of the Great;*
*Peace and Plenty fly before him;*
*Peace and Plenty make Mankind adore him.*
*Peace and Plenty Tune his Soul to Love,*
*And give below, a Taſt of Joys above.*
*Grand* Chorus.
*Give him on Earth ye Pow'rs, long Love and Peace,*
*And after Death Immortal Bliſs.*
The Song ended.

*Enter Trumpets ſounding, a Train of Captive Kings and Princes, Women and Children, ſeveral Nobles bearing Palms, Soldiers with Spoils and Trophies: Then* Xerxes *Advances from the farther end of the Stage.*

*Xer.* Thus in deſpight of their reſiſting Fate,
The unwilling Gods, thoſe buſie Rivals
In my Riſing Glory, are forc'd
With ſullen Envy to behold my Triumphs:
Look from your Chriſtial Battlements! look down
Ye Pow'rs amaz'd, to view a Soul unſhaken
By theſe baffled Storms of Chance! A Soul!
That dares reſolve to bear your utmoſt wrongs,
And grapple with oppos'd Omnipotence.

*Cleo.* Thou Deity Ador'd! Immortal *Xerxes* Hail! [*Kneeling.*
To Thee are held the lifted Hands of *Perſia*
When War or Tumult wou'd moleſt her Quiet;
To Thee ſhe bends her Knee, in humble Gratitude
For Foes ſubdu'd:
Let every Head bow down, and kiſs the Earth
That bears him to our view: Soldiers and Children
Virgins and Lovers! All without diſtinction kneel
Yet lower, proſtrate as the Vail of Night,
That wraps the Globe in Darkneſs: Down! Bow down,
And kiſs the Earth with Adoration.

*All fall upon their Faces, but* Mardonius *and* Aranthes, *who ſtand unſeen.*

*Art.* O ſhame to Glory! } *Aſide.* { *The Sun appears*
*Aran.* Incredible Stupidity! } { *Or'ecaſt here.*
*Xerxes.*

*Xer.* Now by my yet untaſted Joys of Power,
This looks a God—It is!
For ſee! The dazled Sun contracts
His Golden Beams, he hides his Face and Bluſhes
To behold a Rival Power above him.
*Art.* Gods! How his drunken Fancy ſwells him. [*Aſide.*
*Xer.* Ha! What means this ſudden Face of Death?
How fell theſe heaps of proſtrate Bodies?
O Spleenful Fate! They'r dead! Malicious Planet!
Am I left alone to Rule, the Monarch
Of an Un-peopled World?—'Tis well ye Pow'rs,
Your dire Decrees ſhall be obey'd! Up! Up!
From your ſleepy Graves! Riſe all! Revive and take
New Life, from Power to give it.
*Aran.* Amazing Frenzy! [*Aſide.*

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſſ.* Dread Sir, the Reverend *Magi* are at hand,
And come with Pious Joy, to Gratulate your Triumphs.
*Xer.* Let 'em come on, and we approve their Zeal.

*Enter the* Magi.

1. *Mag.* Long live Victorious *Xerxes*!
Thou Dread Commiſſioner of Fate, in whom
Th' Allknowing Gods repoſe, the Care and Buſineſs
Of the World below: From thee, Mankind receives
Its Happineſs ſo faſt, our Prayers to Heav'n
Are ſtill but Thanks, for Benefits enjoy'd.
2. *Mag.* Thou Sacred Head! Inſtruct us to be Grateful.
Both to the Gods, and Thee; What Hecatombs
Are due for this Auſpicious Day?
How ſhall we thank the ever Glorious Sun,
For ſuch a King? What Vows? What Offerings too
Are due to *Neptune*?
Who through the dangerous Seas,
Has thus return'd thee ſafe to *Perſia*?
O ſay: Where ſhall we find out Victims
Worthy of their Altars?
*Xer.* How now! Prieſt-hood? Is this the way,
Your fawning Piety wou'd ſooth an injur'd King?
Have not thoſe Pow'rs Allarm'd by Sea and Land,
Oppos'd my ſpreading Glory? Am I not
*Xerxes* ſtill, and muſt at laſt ignobly ſue,
For Peace, by a precarious Sacrifice?
Yes Slaves, I'll Feaſt your Gods Ador'd;
They ſhall have Offerings Prieſts! they ſhall!
Th' injurious Sun, the Seas and Wind that ſaw,
That ſunk and ſcatter'd my ſtupendious Navy,
Shall feel the Vengeance of a Rouzing Deity.

Give

Give Order that the Wind receive Three Hundred Laſhes,
Let Fleeting *Æolus* be whip'd from Pole to Pole,
Then drive him to ſome hollow Cell confin'd, and tell
The Roaring God, his Maſter *Xerxes* is reveng'd!

1. *Mag.* O Impious Thought! Avert this Madneſs, Heaven!

*Xex.* How now! What would your Grave Devotion ſtartle me?
Away draw out an able Band of Archers,
Mount 'em on the Battlements of yon lofty Tower,
And let 'em ſhoot a Thouſand Arrows 'gainſt the Sun.

2. *Mag.* O Blaſphemy!

*Xer.* As many Chains be thrown into the Sea,
And bind the Blue hair'd Neptune to a Rock!
Prepare an hundred Bars of vaſt hot glaring Iron,
Then plung 'em hiſſing down
Into the burning Bowels of the Deep;
And while his ſcalding Billows, boyl and foam
With raging Torture;
There let him Rave, and daſh his batter'd Limbs,
Like a diſpairing Slave for ever.
Away! Take all the Wings of ſwift Revenge,
And ſee my Will perform'd! Now Prieſts!
Are theſe fit Offerings for your Mighty Powers?
I cou'd not ſtay to ſend 'em with your lazy Prayers
To Heav'n, your wanton Thoughts have dipt their Wings
Too deep, in Pleaſures of the Earth, to let 'em mount ſo high.
Where's all their Idle Bolts, their brandiſht Lightning now,
To blaſt the Man that dares oppoſe 'em?

2. *Mag.* While Frantick Paſſions talk ſo wild and loud,
The Voice of Reaſon is of little force:
But ſtill remember, King,
Tho' while you live the Gods retard your doom,
Yet after death, a ſure Revenge will come.

*Xer.* Away! ye ſenſeleſs Dreamers of the World to come,
Who dare pretend to fright Mankind with Tales,
Of what ſhall happen after Death:
But yet can give us no account of what
The Soul endur'd, before it put on Fleſh!
Hence from my Sight and Thoughts for ever!
Begon ye expenſive Lumber of the World! [*Exeunt* Magi.

[*A ſhout at a diſtance.*]

*Cleo.* Behold Great Sir! A Thouſand ſkilful Archers,
From yon High Spacious Tower,
Aloud Proclaiming War againſt the Sun:
They brace their ſtubborn Bows, and look
Reſolv'd, to make their Arrows reach him. [*Thunder.*

*Xer.* By *Jove* they'r there! Ha! what means this Riſing Storm?
By all my Power unſhaken, my Foes above are ſtarrl'd
At my daring Fury; I'll ſtand and view

The

The Godlike War? See! how the Fleeting Winds [ *Louder.*
Are poſted to the Sun, with Tydings of
Impending danger! Hark! the dreadful News
Is told, in Peals of burſting Thunder! Ha!
By Arms the Noble Charge is given! [ *The Stage is darkn'd.*
For ſee! th' Allarm'd God retires!
He dares not climb the Skies, he Reins his fiery Steeds!
He ſtops! he turns 'em back, and rattles down [ *Lightning.*
The Eaſtern Hill of Heav'n! ſee! ſee! [ *Falling*
How the foaming Courſers Flounce and Tear,
And daſh the ſpangled Skies behind 'em! [ *A ſhow'r of*
Now by my own Immortal Soul: I'll mount
The burning Car my ſelf. I'll have it drawn
By ſlow-pac'd Elephants, and every gladſom Day
Shall ſhine a Year:
New Order, new Seaſons ſhall be born,
Ev'n from the womb of this ſtupendious darkneſs,
New Nature ſhall ariſe, and bleſs the World
With one Eternal Spring! [ *The Sky is cleared.*

*Cleo.* Ha! The Sun appears again! I'll Humor his Extravagance.
See, Sacred Sir, 'tis done! Behold
A new born Light adorns the Skies,
And ſeems t'applaud your vaſt Creating Thought.

*Xer.* Ha! 'Tis ſo! The harraſs'd Gods are weary of the Fray:
Why, let 'em reſt, and now alone
The buſineſs of the Earth ſhall fill my Thoughts:
Draw near, ye Royal Captives of my Tereſtial War,
And liſten to pronouncing Fate! No longer now,
The Chains of Victory, ſhall gall your Valiant Minds;
Your future Bonds ſhall all be Love;
For ever now be free! be ſafe! *Xerxes*
Is no more your Foe!
No more the Toils of War ſhall break my Slumbers,
The Luſt of Conqueſt ſhall Inflame me now no more,
Nor Fate ſhall dare to croſs my Will, which thus
Reſolves to give Mankind a General Peace, } *The Captives are unbound,*
And rowl the wanton Globe in Pleaſure. } *and the People ſhout.*
And now to ſpread my Reſolution through
The ſpacious World, here I Proclaim, to any Head
That ſhall invent a new untaſted Draught
Of Luxury, Rewards unlimited,
The Earth and Sea, ſhall throw their Treaſure up
To make him Happy——
Let Young Fledg'd Heroes court the noiſe of War,
And ſtarve their Pleaſures: But to feed their Care,
Let fond Ambitions Wing ſtill ſcorn to reſt,
Still ſoar to Prey, without deſire to taſte:
For me, more ſolid Bliſs my Days ſhall Crown,

I'll taſt the Pleaſures which my Arms have won;
Eternal Spings of Love, and Guſtful Joy
Shall feed my raviſh'd Senſe, without the power to Cloy.

# ACT II.

## The Scene, Xerxes's *Palace.*

*Enter* Cleontes *and the Poet.*

*Cleo.* YOur Fortune riſes, Sir, Your Muſe has Charm'd the King;
After the Banquet, he intends to ſee
The Mask perform'd: But what's a fairer Demonſtration
Of his Favour, I am commanded to entruſt you
With his ſecret Love—He much relies on you.
*Poet.* Poſſible! O ye Gods! A Pimp! [*Aſide.*
Then my Prayers are heard! The Devil's in't
If I don't thrive now!
Her Name, Dear Sir?
Her Name and Quality: I'll melt her down
With a Diſtick: She ſhall be Rythm'd to Raptures.
Her Name, Sir:
*Cleo.* Her Name is *Virtue*, Sir.
*Poet.* *Virtue!* She does not belong to the Court, Sir, does ſhe?
*Cleo.* That muſt be our care to find out: You know
The King reſolves to taſt no common Pleaſures;
His Fancy therefore leads him to enjoy
A Married Beauty, of untainted Virtue;
One that dares defend her Honour,
Againſt the utmoſt Storms of Fortune:
Whom neither Threats, or Bribes of Power can ſhake,
Nor all the ſubtle Arts of Languiſhing Deſire.
*Poet.* Look you (not that I believe we ſhall) But
Suppoſe we ſhould find ſuch a Lady? Pray
What would his Majeſty do with her?
*Cleo.* He'd firſt uſe all his Arts and Power to bend her Virtue,
And if he found it yield, deſpiſe her;
But if ſhe ſtood his Love unmov'd,
Then Force ſhould give him a Delight,
Which her conſent would Ruin.
*Poet.* O ho! Then it ſeems, his Majeſty wou'd
Only have a Slaſh at her Virtue! Very Good!
A Married Lady you ſay, that won't Cuckold
Her Husband for Love or Money! Why now,
After all, that muſt be a very odd
Humour in a Woman!

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* Yet ſuch a one there may be found, Sir.
You know the Fair and Fam'd *Tamira*,
The Wife of Noble *Artabanus*:
The King, before her Marriage, was in Love with her,
And often made Attempts upon her Honour:
But meeting ſtill ſevere Repulſes,
Offer'd her at laſt his Crown, and ev'n That,
She with the ſame Indifference rejected.
The General on this was Baniſh'd, ſhe follow'd him,
And to the hazard of her Life, embrac'd his Fortune.
The King at laſt, with Abſence cur'd his Love;
And wanting Soldiers for the War with *Greece*,
Call'd *Artabanus* home, reſtor'd him to his Honours,
And gave *Tamira* to his Arms: But he
Remembers now afreſh her former Cruelty;
And reſolutely Vows to ſatisfy
His old Revenge, and the Remains of Love.
*Poet.* A ſatisfaction for the Gods above!
But hark you Sir! Are you ſure 'tis *Artabanus*'s Wife?
*Cleo.* The ſame, I mention'd ſeveral,
But moſt the King inclines to her.
*Poet.* By *Jove* we'll Dub his Lordſhip then! we'll Dub him:
Now my Revenge is perfect: He gave me
Nothing for my laſt Dedication. [*Aſide.*
*Cleo.* I gueſs the King expects her at the Mask.
But ſee our General, and *Artabanus* with him,
I like 'em not, they'r Enemies to you and me.
*Poet.* Oh! Let me alone with 'em!
You ſay the King has Poſſitively
Commanded none ſhall paſs his Preſence Arm'd?
*Cleo.* He has—I'll retire, and Inform him
They are here, while you demand their Swords.
*Enter* Mardonius, Artabanus *and* Aranthes.
*Mar.* What mean theſe double Guards?
*Poet.* Safety, Sir, Safety!
*Mar.* What art thou?
*Poet.* I am a Wit,
*Art.* I'll not take your word, Sir.
*Aran.* O 'twere Charity, my Lord, ſince he can't keep it.
*Poet.* I'll write no more Dedications, my Lord!
*Art.* 'Tis well reſolv'd. 'Twere Inſolence
To Libel Men of Honour: For what wer't elſe,
To tell the World they like a Muſe,
Which juſt before the world had Damn'd.
*Poet.* Your Lordſhips Picture was not ill drawn before it.
*Art.* 'Twas every where unlike me;
Thou drew'ſt my Honours all o'r e white,
Without one touch of ſhade to heighten it;

It look'd to me a flat insipid nothing.

*Poet.* The very Image of your Lordships Gratuity.

*Art.* 'Tis a vain Pride, not Gratitude Rewards
The Undeserving; to Encourage thee
Were an Affront to Real Merit.
To the Presence—on my Lord!——

*Poet.* You must leave your Sword, Sir.

*Mar.* Who demands it?

*Poet.* Your Humble Servant, Sir.

*Mar.* Here, Take it Slave! [*Presenting the Point.*

*Poet.* Auh! not by the wrong Handle! I beseech you, Sir.

*Mar.* The meaning of this Insolence! You Gentlemen,
Is it the King's Command?

*Guard.* My Lord, it is.

*Art.* 'Tis likely, dispute it not my Lord! There Gentlemen! } *They give*
*Mar.* Gods! That a Man so great in Arms, } *their Swords.*
Should ever know the guilt of Fear! See where he comes,
Amidst his Court of Women now! O shameful Change.

*Enter* Xerxes, *follow'd by a Train of Ladies,* Cleontes *in Discourse with him.* Tamira *amongst them.*

*Xer.* Did you see her say you?

*Cleo.* She follows in the Train, my Lord.

*Xer.* Let her be near us at the Mask; I wou'd
Appear a gentle Lover first, and try
The force of Passion, and Heart wounding Eloquence;
I know tho' Real, they would plead in vain;
But, that 'tis heightens my delight: For when
She thinks the Lamblike Lover, dying
In the vain pursuit: The bounding Lyon then
Shall start, and drag th' unwilling Prey.

*Aran.* Health to your Majesty.

*Xer.* *Aranthes* welcome! welcome *Artabanus*,
Valiant *Mardonius* welcome!

*Mar.* I never durst be a Coward, Sir—But now
Methinks you should not know me for *Mardonius*.
I us'd to wear a Sword!

*Xer.* O! 'Twere needless, unless you had Enemies.

*Mar.* There still are *Græcians* Living, Sir.

*Xer.* And they were born to live.

*Mar.* Yes, and Conquer too! Your Pardon, Sir,
I love 'em not, tho' they deserve my Love.

*Xer.* Ha!

*Art.* Take heed, my Lord, your words have mov'd the King.

*Mar.* Then does yours soften him? For I want Temper.

*Xer.* [*Aside.*] I'll find a fitter time to silence him.
Such Men are hateful, and will oppose my Pleasures.

*Art.* We came to Intreat a private Hour with your Majesty.

*Xer.* The Court at preſent is diſpos'd to Mirth
And Pleaſure: After the Mask I'm yours.
*Aran.* We'll Attend your Majeſty.
*Xer.* Your Entertainment ſhall be ſoft
And pleaſing, what the Muſick wants, may be
Supply'd in Love: But that's a Feaſt, my Lord. [*To* Art.
You never ſeek abroad, that are ſo ſure
A welcome Gueſt at home.
*Art.* I owe that Bleſſing, Sir, to your Indulgence;
And ſee ſhe's here! Your Majeſty will pardon me?
*Xer.* 'Tis your Duty, Sir: By Heav'n [Art. *goes to* Tam.
He loves her, after four Years Enjoyment!
Had ſhe been mine, er'e this I'd loath'd
The Sight of her—Not but ſhe's Fairer, than the Beams of Day;
Softer than a Lovers hope,—and Virtuous,—to an Inſolence.
*Tam.* [*To* Art.] I hope you'er not diſpleas'd, my Lord.
*Art.* No! But what was it brought you hither?
*Tam.* Indeed the hopes of ſeeing you.
*Art.* D'ye not fear the King ſhould Gaze upon you?
*Tam.* If you fear it, I'll retire.
*Art.* No, 'twou'd be obſerv'd: But yet beware of him.
He often dwells upon your Praiſe of late.
*Tam.* Indeed I'm ſorry if it troubles you,
Elſe could hear it with Indifference.
*Xer.* Come Sirs, our Entertainment waits us.
*Artabanus*! You'll truſt me near your Lady.
*Art.* That Truſt will be her Protection, Sir.
*Xer.* Begin the Mask.

*While a Symphony is Playing,* Luxury *ariſes ſleeping on a Bed of* Roſes, *and* Mercury *Enters to him.*

Mercury. *Awake ſoft* Luxury, *awake*
*The ſmiling Gods befriend thee,*
*And with Pleaſures here attend thee;*
*Now Feaſt thy Senſes, and Receive*
*The ſweeteſt Joy, the Gods can give.*
*Awake,* &c.

*The* Scene *Drawing, diſcovers ſeveral* Deities, *Attended by their ſeveral* Pleaſures: Cupid *Advances.*

Cupid. *With me, theſe Rival Gods contend,*
*And Each aſſerts his Power to bleſs;*
*Thy Voice alone the ſtrife muſt end,*
*Who knoweſt all Pleaſures in Exceſs:*
*And wanton* Cupid *comes to prove,*
*Life has no Joy like Lawleſs Love.*
Luxury. *What kind Reward ſhall I receive*
*From them, to whom my Voice I give.*

Cupid.

Cupid. *That thou Unbrib'd mayst give thy Voice,*
*Eternal Freedom to possest thy Choice.*

*Mars* advances to a Warlike Symphony.

Mars. *Sound! sound! the Trumpet sound,*
*The Warriours Soul Allarm!*
*He Fights!—They Fly!—and now with Conquest Crown'*
*What God can give a Nobler Charm?*

Lux. *No more! no more! Ah throw thy Arms away:*
*For with 'em Love shall Sport and Play;*
*The Trumpet now shall softer sound,*
*And swell, and weep, and gently wound.*

*Hymen* Descends.

Hymen. *If softer Love can make thee Blest,*
*That Bliss in Marriage is possest.*

*Indifference* Interrupts him.

Indiff. *Away! away! no Life can be*
*Like that, Mankind enjoys in me:*
Indifference *is the happiest State,*
*On which no Care or Sorrows wait,*
*Nothing hating, nought admiring,*
*Never Wanting, ne're Requiring;*
*Never Pining for Possession,*
*Nor yet slighting kind Occasion;*
*Joy is welcome still to chear me,*
*Sorrow never shall come near me.*

Mar. *and* Indiff. *together.* *If Peaceful Vows can make thee blest,*
*In him, or me they are possest.*

Lux. *Begon! Dull Pair, I cannot take,*
*Or grant a Joy in either:*
*Be chain'd for ever Back to Back,*
*And wander through the World together.*

Chorus. *Begon Dull Pair, he cannot take,* &c.

*The* Pleasures *Bind* Marriage *and* Indifference *together, and drive them off the Stage: Then* Venus *advances,*

Venus. *Would you know the sweetest Joys,*
*Which Virtue wisely keeps from Fools;*
*Then steal a Mistriss, Break all Tyes,*
*That would confine your Love to Rules.*
*From* Vulcan *forct to hide my Charms,*
*I Modest still, and Cold must prove:*
*But Ah! when in my Warriours Arms*
*I live! and give a loose to Love.*

Lux. *and* Venus. *All other Loves but faintly last,*
*Or still repeated fly too fast.*
*But the Lover*
*Will Discover,*

*Changing.*

*Changing*
*Ranging*
*Makes the Bliſs for ever laſt.*
Lux. *True Joy is now reveal'd,*
*Come* Pleaſures *Dance and Play.*
*All! All! To* Venus *yield,*
*Fair* Venus *Winns the Day.*

*While the* Pleaſures *Dance, the Four laſt Lines are Repeated in a Grand Chorus. After which the Company riſes.*

*Xer.* Now, my Lords, what think you of theſe ſofter Pleaſures?
Is not a peaceful Court adorn'd with Beauties?
Far beyond the Proſpect of a duſty Camp?
Shew me an Army now, that dares reſiſt 'em!
That cou'd Unconquer'd view their Charms!

*Mar.* I cou'd ha' ſhewn you one, Sir, your Pardon, Ladies!

*Xer.* What! —— They were valiant old Soldiers!

*Mar.* No! Young and Luſty, in their Prime of Years and Health;
I dare allow the Ladies each to Conquer ſeven Men,
But Seven Hundred Thouſand wou'd have held 'em to't.

*Xer.* You are allow'd, this Liberty, my Lord,
Your Years Excuſe you.

*Mar.* I ha' loſt no Taſt of Manly pleaſures.

*Xer.* How did the Muſick take you?

*Mar.* Tho' it were looſe, I cou'd ha' lik'd it
In a proper Seaſon, to me 'twas harſh
And out of Time, when I have nothing elſe
To do, —— I'll have a Miſtreſs, and a Lute.

*Xer.* Why, what have Men to do on Earth
But to Indulge their Appetites? How ſhou'd
We ſtop the ſwift Career of Time, unleſs
We load him well with Pleaſures ere he flies away?
Old Men I find can be content to Dream
Of Happineſs: Away! Some Fruit and ſprightly Wines!
Conduct the Ladies to the Grove of Jeſſamines,
And ſtrow the beſt Perfumes of Nature as they Paſs,
Your Eare *Aranthes.* (*The Courtiers Conduct the Ladies.*)

*Tam.* Pray, my Love, Excuſe me! I dare not follow 'em,
(to *Art.*) During the Mask, the King let fall
Some wanton Words, that Trouble, and Offend me,
Forgive this Fault, I'll ne're be ſeen at Court agen.

*Art.* This Prudence has Oblig'd me: Farewell. *Exit.* Tamira.

*Xer.* (to *Aran.*) Nor e're in Common talk ſpeak ſlightly of my Triumph?

*Aran.* My Royal Lord his Private Thoughts I know not,
If they were ill, he ne're wou'd utter 'em,
I have indeed obſerv'd him Thoughtful when
We ſpeak of You, and he has ſought
This Opportunity to tell
Your Majeſty the Cauſe. Your

*Xer.* I can Ill ſpare it now, my Pleaſures Wait,
And they Brook no Delay.
*Aran.* Beſeech Your Majeſty but a Moment.
*Xer.* A Moment! 'tis an Age! Let him be ſhort.
Too Plain I read his ſullen Thoughts,
He takes an Ill time to Thwart me!
Let him be ware my ſleeping Will,
For if it wakes Diſturb'd, it may be Fatal,
Now Sir! Your Greivances!
*Mar.* Are they not Written in my Face?
*Xer.* I read nothing there but Age,
And that indeed's a Greivance!
*Mar.* Sir, You love me not!
*Xer.* Go on! have you any more?
*Mar.* Gods!
*Xer.* Speak lower.
*Art.* Forbear, my Lord, you'll Ruin All!
*Mar.* Speak you then, that can be Maſter of your Paſſion.
*Art.* My Royal Lord, may I intreat Permiſſion,
I unload that Grief, which Heavily
Has brought us to the Court?
*Xer.* You have our leave, the reſt be ſilent,
'Till I commiſſion 'em to Anſwer.
*Aran.* I ſubmit.
*Mar.* I'll do my beſt.
*Art.* Then thus, my Lord.
We Grieve to think your late Expenſive Triumph,
Was not worth the Summs it Coſt You: That all
Your Trophies, Spoils and Treaſure ta'en from *Greece*,
Are now thrown by for Lumber:
That ev'n Your Royal Captives led in Golden Chains,
Were Abject Slaves before they wore 'em:
That a Benumming Lethargy has ſeiz'd Your Soul,
And ſunk your Glory in Unmanly Pleaſures:
That Women, Flatterers, and ſervile Poets are
Your only Favourites now: That we
Whoſe Loyal Swords have ev'er been Your Guard,
E're we can gain Admittance to your Sight,
Are Forc'd to give 'em up to baſe born Slaves,
Leaſt we ſhould ſheath 'em in Your Jealous Heart.
We Greive, that your ſurviving Soldiers are
So little known, the many Thouſands
In Your Service Dead, ſo ſoon Forgotten.
*Xer.* Proceed.
*Art.* You may remember, Sir,
In Your Proſperity of Arms, when once
You drew Your Hardy Millions up, and ſaw
Th' Amazing ſpace of World was taken,

*Aſide.*

To contain their Numbers,
You then bedew'd Your Cheeks with Tears to ſee
So many Gallant Souls in perfect Health,
Which You was ſure in One ſhort Age of Man
Th' Inevitable Throat of Death muſt ſwallow.
If then ſo late, becauſe a certain end
Cou'd move Your Soul ſo far, what Floods of Grief,
What Raving Madneſs ſhou'd Poſſeſs you,
When You reflect, that they were all Devour'd
At a Meal:
One Fatal Battle ſlew 'em for the Tyrants Feaſt,
And for his Table ſpread the Earth with Slaughter.
By Heav'n our Foes Report, they are aſham'd,
T'have Conquer'd Men, that can ſo tamely bear their Loſſes;
Others leſs inſulting ſay, (and that indeed does wound us)
That we ſtand ready all, and raving for Revenge,
But want an Animating King to lead us.

*Mar.* Nay, Sir! they talk yet worſe than this——

*Xer.* 'Tis not yet your time to ſpeak.

*Mar.* Would it were!—I ha' done.

*Xex.* Have you any more?

*Art.* No more my Lord, but that
You wou'd believe my Words, the Dictates of
A Loyal Heart, that bleeds to ſerve you.

*Xer.* *Aranthes*, You!

*Aran.* My Lord, my Griefs are told by *Artabanus*.

*Xer.* Now Sir, you have leave.

*Mar.* I am unarted, Sir, in any grace of Speech
To ſtir the Soul! my words are plain and honeſt,
Too ſhort to hide a Crime with Eloquence;
I'm down-right angry I, where er'e I ſee
The Face of Shame: Ye Gods! had I but ta'en
The Cue t'have ſpoke, the half what he has utter'd,
Ye had appear'd a—I want a Name to call a King by:
But come, Sir, I'll return the Muſick you have giv'n:
I've yet a Tongue will better ſpeak
My Thoughts; a Voice, that once cou'd warm you faſter
Than a Silken Miſtriſs, and was, perhaps,
As loath to let you ſleep a' Nights.

*Xer.* Where is this Powerful Orator? Let's hear him!

*Mar.* Bid the Trumpets Enter.

*Aran.* Now you ſtrike him home, my Lord.

*Enter Trumpets.*

*Mar.* Here! here's th' harmonious Tongue ſhall plead my Cauſe,
And rouze your ſtartling Soul to Glory! Sound a Charge. (Mar.

*Art.* Yet hold! By Heav'n, I plaud my Fellow Soldiers heat! [*Embracing*
And ſee, my Lord! what hardy Squadrons join to back him. [*Looks out.*
Look! how they move! what, what a Martial Grace and Order!

Gods! Victorious Terror's in their Eyes, and now
Suppoſe within a well pitch'd Field,
The ſwelling Foe, advancing to our Formoſt Ranks;
We fix our choſen ground, and ſtand impatient
To receive 'em! The Neighing Steeds too foam and champ!
And tear the Earth, and ſhew a noble luſt of War!
And ſee they come! the glowing Soldiers ſhout;
The Signal's giv'n, and Death in ghaſtly wounds
Deals various Fate around him!
While Claſhing Armour, Spears, and Rattling Shields,
Drums, Fifes, and Trumpets, (Glorious Horror!)
With their ſtupendious Clangor crack the Skies!
Now ſtretch the Allarming Voice of War! Sound, till
From your ſwoll'n Veins, the Springing Blood guſh forth!
Imagine now, the eager Arms of Victory
Extending to embrace us! ſound! as if
The Glorious Scene were here in real Action!
Sound! and wake the Ghoſt of this departed *Hero*.

*Art.* O Glorious Harmony! } *They Sound*
*Aran.* O Powerful Charm! } *a Charge.*

*Mar.* By Arms, it ſets my glowing Veins on fire!
I burn! my Spirits rave with fury for the War!
Away to Horſe! to Arms! why ſtand you, Sir, unmov'd,
As if a low born Fear, had fix'd you here Inanimate?
Can you be deaf, when great Revenge and Honour call?
Are there ſuch Charms in a deteſted Sloth and Eaſe?
God's where have you Tameneſs left, to ſtand thus long
Suſpected, not to dare? Sound a freſh Allarm!
And let the Martial Din ungrave the Dead
To rouze him!

*Xer.* On Forfeit of your Lives, forbear your Inſolence!
Audacious Traitor! thus to Brand
My Hallow'd Pleaſures, with the Name
Of Slothful, Eaſe and Fear! I'll have thee think,
Unknowing Slave! That nothing in it ſelf
Is Good or Ill, but as it pleaſes me.

*Mar.* I ſay no! There will be ſhame in Cowardice,
Tho' *Xerxes* were a Soldier!

*Xer.* Ha!

*Aran.* Forbear, my Lord, conſider 'tis your King that hears you!

*Mar.* I ha' no King, 'tis Merit, not a Crown
That makes a King, when Pride and Sloth debaſe
The Soul of Majeſty: The Crown's a Toy,
No more in Worth, than what it weighs in Gold:
I ſcorn a King, whoſe Robes can only ſpeak him Royal.

*Xer.* Witneſs ye Gods! How loth I am to wake,
And cruſh this Slave, who like a Crawling Inſect dares
Diſturb the ſleeping Lyon—

*Mar.*

*Mar.* A Lyon!
By Heav'n I've ſeen a Hare, a Womans Courage
Dare beyond thee; the Martial *Artemiſia*,
Whoſe Aiding Arm in Fight, ſupported and diſgrac'd thee!
The Warlike Woman ſhew'd a Manly Rage,
The Courtly King a Womans Trembling Fear:
Ever wer't thou laſt in Battle, formoſt
In the Flight, humble in Danger, and when
Thy Danger's paſt, Inſulting!

*Xer.* Seize the Traitor! hence! and bear him to a Dungeon!
There let the ſurly Lyon Growle and Champ,
His Galling Chains in vain! I'll try him in the Den;
Hard Fare, perhaps, Darkneſs and Gives may tame him.

*Mar.* A Dungeon! Now by the Power of Arms, thou'ſt found
The only place, an honeſt Man can bear in *Perſia*!
Thou poor Inverted King, whoſe Favour is Diſgrace,
Whoſe Frowns are Honour now; Thou canſt not raiſe
My Glory more, than thus proclaiming to the World
Thou hateſt me: But when
This Lyon grumbles or'e his Chains alone; Beware
Thou ſend no *Perſian* Fools to gaze at me;
Leſt in my round of thought, I ſhould believe 'em *Greeks*
That keep me there; and bounding from my Couch,
Graſping with Fury the miſtaken Prey,
With Flaming Eyes, ſhould ſtare their Souls away. [*Exit.*

*Xer.* To the Dungeon hence, and load him down with Maſſy Fetters.
By Heav'n I'll find a way to take
An undiſturb'd Repoſe: I'll have my Streams
Of Chriſtial Pleaſure, clear'd of all theſe Martial Weeds,
I'll tear 'em by the Roots, and throw 'em uſeleſs by.

*Art.* My Lord, Hower'e your Soldiers heat——

*Xer.* I'll have no more to do with ſaucy War!
Were now Ten Thouſand times the Millions
I ha' loſt in Arms, Intreating, Begging as for life,
One animating Word to bid 'em move,
I'd not unſheath my Sword, to be Enthron'd with *Jove*. [*Exit,*

*Art.* Why! why ye Pow'rs! has ſuch a tainted Soul
The Care of th' Empire? Or if the Gods have ſtampt
Divinity on Kings, fixing them far above
The Reach of Common Men; why then have we
The Eyes of Reaſon to Inſpect their Faults?
Why are we Born with Souls to loath Diſhonour,
And yet by Honour bound to bear it?

*Aran.* How! To bear it! No! That Loyalty's Diſhonorable,
That bids me bear Diſhonour: When Subjects
Are no more the Care of Kings, we then
Have only left the Laws of Nature to Protect us,
And Nature tyes us all to Self Defence.

We muſt in time reſent the Blows we've taken:
*Mardonius*'s Freedom muſt be ſought, and ſuddenly:
The Current of our Treaſure ebbs too faſt;
It muſt be ſtopt by Right and Priviledge:
The late Expences of our Gaudy Shame,
Exceeds th' Account of Neceſſary War:
And ſhall we ſleep, when from our Hands by Force,
The Gripe of Tyranny has wrung our Fortunes,
More I cou'd ſay,
If I believ'd that Words cou'd win you to
An Honourable Action.

*Art.* *Aranthes*, I was never ſlow to ſuch a Call,
Nor needs the Cauſe a Tongue,
But yet the Undertaking's difficult,
And will require our Friends beſt Counſel
To Night at my own Houſe I'll Summon 'em,
There ſpeak our Griefs at large.

*And may the Bleſt Event to Ages prove;*
*No Crown ſits ſafe without the Peoples Love.* [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT III.

## The Scene, *The Houſe of* Artabanus.

*Enter* Memnon *with a Paper.*

*Mem.* HOneſty's a Notion, and only Reigns
Like Womens Chaſtity in cold Untempted Minds:
It muſt be ſo! I ever thought that Villany
Had an ugly Face; but now I view it
In the Flattering Glaſs of Intereſt, it ſeems
No Monſter!—Of a fairer form than half ſtarv'd Virtue.
—Yet let me think a little———
Here I am truſted with the Names of ſeveral Men,
Who have combin'd to free th' Impriſon'd General,
To ſeize the King, and force him to renew
The War with *Greece*! Nay, I've ſubſcrib'd my own,
T'aſſiſt 'em too, and now am going to inform
The General of it: The Undertaking is but Juſt;
For Old *Mardonius* lov'd the King, and lies
In Chains, becauſe he offer'd proof on't: *Xerxes*
Is unfit to hold the Reins of Empire;
He throws 'em looſe, and lets it run to ſhame,
And Luxury—Why don't I haſte to ſtop him then?
And by the Execution of what I've ſworn to act;

Prevent

Prevent my Countries Ruine—But ſtay! ſuppoſe
I fail in my Deſign, (as ſure 'tis dangerous)
If I am taken, can my Country ſave me?
Or if I ſucceed, am I ſure my Country
Will be grateful? They'll ſay perhaps 'twas Intereſt
Led me on:
And let me ſtarve, while they partake the Bleſſing!
They may be baſe, and probably they will!
Then 'Tis not ſafe to truſt 'em, nor can I
On th' other ſide be ſure of Life, if I delay
This great Diſcovery:—Why then 'Tis fixt!
I'll take the ſureſt way to find Reward from *Xerxes*:
And when my Pardon, and Reward are ſign'd,
Then let 'em call me Fool, or tell the King
I am a Villain. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Artabanus, Aranthes, *&c.*

*Art.* Never was Cauſe, my Friends, more chearfully
Embrac'd, never were Hands more fit for Action,
Nor ever greater Glory waiting on ſucceſs:
'Tis not the Thirſt of others Wealth, or Dignities,
Nor Envy of a favour'd Faction, that inflames us,
No Mercenary end: 'Tis Bleeding Honour calls us
To revenge her Wounds; 'tis *Xerxes*, not the King
That ſtands accus'd: If *Xerxes* can relent,
Still let him wear the Crown; if not, the Crown
By us remov'd, can dignify
Another Head for Empire.

*Aran.* 'Tis not who Reigns, but who Reigns well is King.

*Art.* He that neglects the Regal Office,
Should be compell'd to lay it down;
And we who feel the ſmart of that neglect,
Are only proper Judges, where to place it.

*Aran.* Let us but once more ſee *Mardonius* Sworded,
We ſhan't be long to ſeek a Man, that's fit
To weild a Scepter: I long
To hear how he receives our Undertaking!
Why lingers *Memnon* thus? may we believe
He's not refus'd Acceſs to him.

*Art.* You may, I have unbarr'd the Priſon Gates with Gold.

*A Servant Whiſpers* Artabanus.

Come Gentlemen, the Night begins to waſt,
Our Small Collation waits us: *Aranthes*,
Pray conduct our Friends, I'll give ſome Orders
In the Houſe, and follow You. [*Exit.* Aran. *with the reſt.*

*Enter* Tamira *in her Night Dreſs, Weeping.*

*Art.* What mean theſe Tears *Tamira*?

*Tam.* O can you love like me, and ask that Queſtion.
Tis true, I counſel'd what you have undertaken,

Yet

Yet cannot help my Womans Fears: Not but
I love your Honour more, than both our Lives;
Yet when I run or'e the Frightful Hazards,
The Dangers imminent you meet
To purchaſe and preſerve it, than I could wiſh
Some Humble Shepherd were my *Love*,
Whoſe ſole Ambition were a Roſy Chaplet,
Not a Crown:
Who in ſome ſweet Retreat of blooming Nature,
Naked of Honours, but Enrich'd with love
Might give, and take delight unknown to Crowns,
And drive with undiſturb'd Repoſe,
The melting Hours before us.

*Art.* Be witneſs Heaven, how theſe words Tranſport me!
For ſtill thy Fears I know are born of *Love*,
And *Love*'s of Kin to Honour.—Could'ſt thou behold
Ev'n in the ſofteſt Moment of our Joy,
Our Native Country in Diſtreſs, The Bloody Arm
Of Tyranny juſt rais'd to give the Wound;
And not with Horror throw me from thy Arms
To ſtop the Blow? Think what a Glorious Tale,
Futurity ſhall Regiſter of him,
That firſt ſtept out to ſave her!
And if oppoſing Death ſhould croſs the Brave Attempt,
Then ſhall it farther ſtill be ſaid for thee,
This Man, this honeſt Man, the Memorable *Artabanus*,
Beyond his Life, his Country Lov'd,
Yet equal with his Country lov'd *Tamira*.

*Tam.* O ſhall it then be ſaid *Tamira*'s Fears,
Oppos'd this Glorious Enterprize? Periſh
That Wife is ſo Impatient of her Joys;
That to Indulge her Love at home,
Would turn her Husband's Honour out a ſtarving! No!
Go on my deareſt Lord! leave me, and cheer,
Thoſe Gallant Friends have ſworn to aſſiſt you:
If you return wtih Life, my Love will find
A thouſand thouſand ways to welcome you—Hark!
What knocking's that? who can it be thus late. [*A loud knocking.*
Do you expect more Friends, my Lord?
Pray Heav'n no ill be towards us!

*Art.* Be not concern'd, my Love, I gueſs
'Tis *Memnon* from the General,—within there!
Haſt to the Portal, know firſt their Buſineſs [*Enter a Servant.*
Er'e you give admittance, unleſs it be
To my Lieutenant *Memnon*: Be calm, my Love.

*Tam.* I cannot while this Noiſe continues!
You ſhall not ſtir, my Lord; Heavens! How I tremble!

*Art.* Now! who is it? [*Re-enter Servant with the Steward.*

*Serv.*

*Serv.* My Lord, your Steward.
*Art.* The News!
*Stew.* Defend your ſelf, my Lord! Some Danger's towards you.
Going to my Reſt, within the outward Lodge,
I heard the thronging tread of Paſſengers,
Whom from the Window I diſcover'd
To be the Guards:
They now are Marching round the Orchard Wall,
In Order to beſet the Houſe;
I heard 'em ſay too, as they paſs'd along,
Kill none, let 'em be taken all alive.
*Art.* Death and Horror! we are betray'd!
*Tam.* O Fly, My Lord!
Let me conjure you by the Pangs
Of my diſtracted Love, fly! fly! er'e yet
A moment can befriend you.
*Art.* Impoſſible! I leave my Friends in danger!
*Tam.* Run! haſt, and rouze 'em from the Jaws of Ruin. [*To the Serv.*
O Fatal Enterprize!
*Art.* That we may gain ſome time to think, lead you
The Servants to the Eaſtern Gate, [*To the Steward.*
Command 'em on their Lives to keep it Barr'd,
'Gainſt all would force their Enterance, Gods!
Was ever Noble Action ſo untimely born;
O *Tamira!*
*Tam.* What Power, what Fate can ſtop our headlong Ruine?
Some pittying Gods look down, and ſtretch an Arm,
To keep our Lives and Love unparted!
O that the Earth wou'd open wide, and take us thus,
Thus undivided to the Centre! [*Throwing her Arms on him.*
*Art.* If we deſerve your Rage ye Pow'rs!
Now hurle your Thunder to deſtroy us:
But ſtrike us cloſer, not aſunder with your Bolts.
O! muſt we part *Tamira!*
Curſt be the Hell born Slave that durſt betray
Our Honeſt lives: Ill reſt betide his Frighted Soul,
Devouring Guilt,
Like the *Promethean* Vulture knaw his Perjur'd Heart,
And mark him for the Carrion of Mankind.
(*Ara.* within.) Ruin'd! betray'd, and loſt!
*Art.* O my Friends!
*Enter* Aranthes, *and the reſt in Diſorder.*
*Aran.* Deſtraction! *Memnon!*
*Art.* Ha! what of him!
*Aran.* He! He! That curſt, that Canker'd Slave for fear,
Or baſe Reward has ſold us all: I now
Deſcry'd him by the Diſtant light of Torches,

In

In Conference with the King, who Smiling comes
'Ith Rear to catch us in the ſhameful Toil!
*Art.* O that a curſe wou'd kill the Villain!
*Aran.* Let's ſend it then upon our pointed Sword,
Since w'have no hope of ſafty left,
Here! let us fix our ſtand, and if the Villain
Dares to Face us, ruſh all at once to reach his Heart,
And die like Men, Reveng'd upon our Ruin.
*Art.* Impoſſible to 'ſcape ſuch Numbers: No!
Let's down to th' Poſtern Gate, and try
To leap the Orchar'd Wall, or now the Darkneſs of
The Night Befriends us; Mingle with the Guards
That are in ſearch of us, ſeem Hot as they
In the perſuit, and that way take our chance,
To ſcape 'em Undiſcover'd. ( *a loud Noiſe without* )
*Aran.* A way! they are upon us:
Succeed or not, we know at laſt to die. *Exit. with the reſt.*
*Art.* I follow you. ( Tamira *holds* Arta. )
*Tam.* My Lord! my Love, I cannot leave you!
O let me part with you, and life together!
*Art.* This is no time to part like Lovers,
Nor yet to tell thee half my Fears!
The King! Revenge! and luſt! I can no more
But ſhou'd thy Frighted Virtue call for help
Let this ſpeak for me. (*gives her a Dagger.*)
*Tam.* By Heav'n it ſhall, and Home: But do not Venture
To the Orchard: Here in the Houſe below there lies
A Secret Vault, in former Times of ſome Religious uſe
And now is only known to me: There I conjure you lye
Conceal'd till ſafty call you forth: Nor Hell, nor Envy can
Betray you thence, unleſs I prove Unfaithful.
*Art.* O might we never part till then!
Hark! They are Entering! ſhow me! *Exeunt.*

*After a Noiſe of the Gates being Broken down, Enter* Xerxes, Memnon, *Officers and Guards, with Torches.*

*Xer.* Where! Where's this, Infernal Brood of Traytors;
By Heav'n I'll Cruſh 'em in the Neſt! Away!
Look out! Search every Hole, that Fear can Creep into:
Nor Earth, nor Hell ſhall Hide 'em from my Vengeance!

*Enter at the other Door* Cleontes, *and Guards Dragging in two of the Conſpirators Dead.*

*Cleo.* Here! This way, ſhow the Bodies to the King!
Great Sir! two of the Conſpirators,
This Moment Breath'd their laſt.
*Xer.* Was't not my ſtrict Command to take 'em all alive?
Who was it dar'd to kill 'em?

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* My Lord! it was their own Diſpair,
For e're we cou'd beſet the Orchard,
Theſe two, with ſeveral more, who juſt before Eſcap'd us,
Made an Attempt to leap the Wall;
We Interpoſing in the Moment,
Demanded 'em our Priſoners;
At this, they looking round with hopeleſs Eyes,
To one anothers Breaſts their pointed Swords advanc'd,
And ruſht at once to an Embrace
Of Friendſhip and of Death.

*Xer.* O ſpiteful ſullen Traytors! Bring in the Torture!
By Heav'n I'll have 'em Rackt to Life again!

*Mem.* My Lord, theſe Wretches are but the Limbs
Of the Conſpiracy, it only halts for want of them!
If you would have it huſht for ever,
Cut off the Head, their *Artabanus*!

*Xer.* Thou haſt inform'd my Rage: Say Slaves,
Among thoſe that fled, ſaw you *Artabanus*?

*Cleo.* No, my Lord, we rather chooſe to let them fly,
Than give him time to 'ſcape, while we purſu'd em.
If with the reſt he was, he's ſtill i'th Houſe, my Lord.

*Mem.* Then we are ſecure of him: I left him here;
But ſee, they've found his Wife,
If he lies yet conceal'd, ſhe muſt of courſe
Be privy to the Place. [*Enter* Tamira *Guarded.*

*Xer.* Now! Is *Artabanus* found?

*Guard.* My Lord, we've left no place unſearcht
That Jealouſy can enter; but can no where find him:
And when we urg'd his Lady to diſcover him,
She call'd us Fools, and ſaid we askt her Idle Queſtions.

*Xer.* So brave! But this is done in ſpite to me: } *Aſide*
The Traytreſs knows I love, and therefore ſhe inſults:
But thus I tear the Paſſion from my Breaſt,
And in its room, take fell Revenge and Hate!
Bring in the Rack! I'll try if that can make
A Woman ſpeak her Mind.

*Mem.* 'Tis here, my Lord. *Xer.* See you that, Lady?

*Tam.* Yes, and feel it in my Thoughts. *Xer.* What think you of it?

*Tam.* That I could bear it, Sir, t'avoid a greater pain. *Xer.* What's that?

*Tam.* Diſloyalty to my Husband, and my Love.

*Xer.* That ſhall be try'd: Where is your Husband?

*Tam.* I have hid him, Sir. *Xer.* Where Traytreſs?

*Tam.* I dare not tell you, Sir; he has commanded me I ſhould not.

*Xer.* He then commands thee to the Torture!
If thou wouldſt 'ſcape it, ſpeak! for I will know.

*Tam.* You ſhall! You ask to know
Where I have hid my Husband.
Then I muſt tell you, Tyrant, in my Heart,
Where you, nor yours can enter to remove him.

*Mem.* Put her to the Tryal, Sir! the Rack keeps no secrets;
Women are ſo impatient of a little pain,
That only ſqualling in their Natural Labour,
They'll forſwear Mankind. } *Aſide to* Xerxes.

*Xer.* By Heav'n, I'm pleas'd to ſee her Folly rave,
Thou talk'ſt as if the Rack were but a ſport! Haſt thou
Been ever ſenſible of any pain like this?

*Tam.* Ten thouſand times a greater: I have known
The pains of hopeleſs Love: Nay, after that,
The Agonies of Bluſhing to Reward
The Man that lov'd me.

*Xer.* How feelingly ſhe talks of Love, ev'n in
The Face of Horror: Art thou not afraid of Death?

*Tam.* No! This Moment from my Window I beheld
Theſe two unhappy Wretches run into
His Arms, and ſee! how ſoon they're quiet! Death!
Alas! He's now my neareſt Friend! look here!
I wear him in my Boſom, Sir,
My Husband plac'd him there. *Xer.* Thy Husband! To what end.

*Tam.* During his Abſence to keep Diſhonour from me.

*Xer.* O the Inveterate Slave! *Memnon*, Walk unobſerv'd
Behind, and reſt the Dagger from her. [*Aſide.*

*Mem.* I ſhall, my Lord. [*He ſteals round.*

*Tam.* That Whiſper has a Meaning I am jealous of;
By Heav'n 'tis ſo! The Villain meets my purpoſe! [*Obſerving* Mem.

*Xer.* Once more! Where is thy Husband?
Confeſs, and yet preſerve thy Life.

*Tam.* Thus far I will confeſs: That I am now indeed
Almoſt afraid of Death: For it would grate my Soul,
To leave my Husbands Ruin unreveng'd;
(For I diſpair again to make him happy)
And that the only wiſh, that makes me fond of Life.
Forgive me Duty, if I miſtake the Breaſt;
But great Revenge and Love, Inſtruct me here! [*Stabs* Mem.

*Xer.* Diſarm her! Seize her Slaves!
I'll truſt the Tygreſs looſe no more.

*Mem.* Furys and Death, ſhe'as reacht my Heart. [*Dyes.*

*Tam.* So may all Traytors dye! 'Tis done!
The Noble Task, that Love had ſet me
For the Remains of Life, is nobly ended;
And now I am at leiſure for
The Idle Holy day of Death.

*Xer.* No ſullen Traytreſs! thou ſhalt be Years a dying.

*Tam.* Let me be Ages, Sir!

*Xer.* Begin the Torture!
I'd have my Glory live for ever!
By Heav'n ſhe mocks my Vengeance! [*They bind her.*
Now, where are your ſmiles of Scorn, Lady?

*Tam.*

*Tam.* Here! in my Soul, which thus contemns the Tyrant.
Thinking to bow it down to Baſeneſs.
Alaſs, my Body now wou'd ſink to th' Earth,
With horror of yon Agonizing Tortures;
But that my daring Soul, ſhoots like a temper'd Spear,
Quite through the falling Trunk, and give it power to ſtand.
Now ſatiate thy Rage, ſtrip off my trembling Fleſh,
And when thou'ſt Piece-meal torn theſe frailer Limbs away,
Still ſhalt thou leave unmov'd a naked Mind
Erect to Heaven.

*Xer.* Away! and drag her to her Fate! [*She is carried off.*
My ſtern Revenge will brook no more defiance.

*Cleo.* My Gracious Lord, might your poor Slave advice——

*Xer.* Preſerve thou thy own Life, and tempt me not,
I tell thee Vengeance takes up all my Soul.

*Cleo.* But yet, you ſee, my Lord, ſhe minds it not!
You are not thus reveng'd!— ſhe mocks the Torture.
Now, Sir, may I Adviſe——

*Xer.* Adviſe me! What? Not ev'n the damn'd can Groan,
With more variety of Pain— Look there!

*Cleo.* I ſee, my Lord, and plainly ſee from this,
Were ſhe in your Arms, ſhe'd feell at once,
A greater Pain, and you a ſweeter Vengeance.
Methinks ſhe's lovely yet! Her Charms new pointed!
See! How her Snowy Boſom heaves and ſwells
With Inward Pains, Diſdaining to confeſs 'em.
O Miracle of diſtreſsful Beauty!

*Xer.* Not yet a Groan! No Sigh! or Tear for Mercy?
Reveal thy Husband yet, and I forego
My Juſtice!—— By yon' Heav'n ſhe's Dumb and dauntleſs!
See! How ſhe knaws her Lips, and firms her Brow,
With ſullen Virtue ſhe ſupports her Soul,
And bears it with unheaded Reſolution! *Cleo.* Stupendious Woman!

*Xer.* Forbear a while— [*To the Executioners.*

*Cleo.* With half this Pain, I've ſeen a Malefactor
Make the Torturer tremble with his Groans!
Can all this Fortitude be born of Love!

*Xer.* If it be——
What Mortal Man can Merit ſuch a Love?
If Love can make her ſmile in ſuch a raging Pain?
What muſt he do, when wrapt in real Pleaſure?
What Racks of Bliſsful Joy, what Raptures muſt ſhe give!
By Heav'n they muſt be taſted——
Unlooſe, and ſeat her by me. [*She is brought in all Bloody.*
I'm now a Convert to her Undaunted Virtue.
Thou Glorious Woman, whoſe Unconquer'd Soul,
In ſpite of Wrongs, reſolves my Rage to pity.
For ever now, thine and thy Husbands Injuries
To me, are Cancell'd and Forgiv'n, My Crown's

Too little to Reward thy Conſtancy;
But if thy Husband's Life and Safety can,
Nay, and his Friends too, they are thine,
Thy Goodneſs has redeem'd 'em.

*Tam.* What ſaid you, Sir? You do not flatter me! [*Weeping.*

*Xer.* Search round my Kingdom for a Wiſh, 'tis thine.
Or Wealth, or Empire, all too poor a Gift,
For ſuch exalted Virtue!
But ask! O ſpeak! and teach me to be grateful!

*Tam.* O my cheer'd Heart! Shall I not ask in vain?

*Xer.* Speak, and enjoy thy Wiſh!

*Tam.* Indeed it is an humble one: I ask
Not Wealth or power, I ne're was fond of Dignity.
Nature and Reaſon ever taught me to believe,
No taſte of Life cou'd be, but in the Free,
Th' intire Poſſeſſion of the Man that lov'd me.
Give me his Life, and him the Life of thoſe
Unhappy Friends, his raſhneſs has engag'd,
And I am more than happy.

*Xer.* All this I had reſolv'd unask'd;
Can nothing more be giv'n to chear thy Life?

*Tam.* A little more, If I might ſpeak!

*Xer.* Speaking is to enjoy.

*Tam.* Then give us leave, my Husband, Sir,
Our little Infant, and my ſelf, with the Remains
Of our Inheritance, to ſeek Retirement,
On ſome remote and unknown Clime,
Where Power and State, may never more
Diſturb the Peace of our unmurmuring Love.

*Xer.* Draw up a Pardon ſtrait for *Artabanus*,
And thoſe with him concern'd in this Conſpiracy.
Here! Fair one, take this Ring! Give it thy Husband,
Be that thy Triumph, and his Paſport through the World:
Now gently raiſe, and bear her to the Palace,
And let our own Phyſicians have the care of her.

*Tam.* Alas, my Lord, I want no Art, ſuch words as theſe
Wo'd heal a Wretch expiring of his Wounds!
O let me kiſs your Sacred Feet,
And thank you with my grateful Tears of Joy;
Thus let me weep, and waſh your cruel Guilt away,
Till Gods and Men, ſtand wondering at your Virtue!

*Xer.* Riſe, Fair Creature! Live, and enjoy the Man that loves thee.

*Tam.* Now you indeed have rais'd me, rais'd me, Sir,
From Death to Life, to Love, and to my Husband!
But haſt! O lead me to him, e're my Wounds are cold,
That I may fold his Body in theſe Bleeding Arms,
And print it o're with Crimſon Characters
Of Eternal Faith!

And

And now let baſe Detraction bluſh
To call us Cowards, or Inconſtant Souls,
Since ev'ry Drop that falls from me
May to our injur'd Sex's Glory prove,
That Racks nor Hell could ſhake a Woman's Love. [*Exit.*

*Xer.* Then thou 'rt the firſt that never could be won,
And therefore only fit to feed a Love
Luxurious as my own: Now follow her;
Seize her Husband the Moment ſhe diſcovers him,
And bear him to the Scaffold.

*Cleo.* You gave your Royal Word to ſpare him, Sir.

*Xer.* No, Fool; I gave my Word to find him out!
Juſtice demanded him, and ſince the Rack
Produc'd him not, I might with Juſtice then
Make uſe of Policy; and now I'm both
Secure of my Revenge and Love!

*Cleo.* Then ſhe muſt not die, Sir!

*Xer.* Oh! no! ſhe lives, and ſhall be lov'd to Ruin!
I've prov'd her Vertue now, and find
It worthy of a Siege: I'll further try
If all the moving Penitence of Love can take her:
If (as I would) ſhe ſtill reſiſt that Pow'r,
The nobleſt Way to conquer is to ſtorm.
'Tis Oppoſition gives the Victor Glory!
Oh! what a noble Guſt will ſwell my Soul
When ſhe lies drown'd in Tears, and trembling in my Graſp!
Nay, after my abhorr'd Poſſeſſion I'll hold her down
With ſmiling Spite, and talk my Raptures o'er;
In her unwilling Ears I'll pour ſuch Tales
Of Looſe Deſire, her very Soul ſhall feel the Rape.
And though——
Her Words may beg I wou'd her Life deſtroy,
I'll make her Eyes confeſs that ſhe partakes the Joy. [*Exit.*

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# ACT IV.

## The Scene, *the Palace.*

*Enter* Xerxes *attended, a Meſſenger offering him a Letter.*

*Xer.* WAit on me to morrow!
I'm not at leiſure now for Buſineſs.

*Meſſ.* To morrow, Sir, may be too late;
They 're of Importance, and concern
The Safety of your Royal Perſon.

*Xer.*

*Xer.* I tell thee, Slave, my Will's my Safety:
When Danger dares to face me,
I'll command it from my Perſon.

*Meſſ.* But, Sir———

*Xer.* No more! My Pleaſures wait!

*Enter* Cleontes.

Now, my *Cleontes*; What News from Love?
How does *Tamira* bear her heavy Change of Fortune?

*Cleo.* Oh! never, never did the weeping Eyes
Of Pity view a Scene ſo mournful. When firſt
We ſeiz'd, and forc'd her Husband from her Arms,
She wrung her Hands, and ſhriek'd, and tore her flowing Hair!
Beating her Breaſts; and in her wild Deſpair
She broke through all the Guards, with an amazing Force,
And ſtrain'd her Arms once more around him.
We ſtrove to part him from her Hold; but ſhe
Still clung, and claſp'd with ſuch Convulſive Force,
That from her half-heal'd Wounds the ſtarting Blood
Agen ſprung forth———
And ſprinkl'd thoſe with Pity that oppos'd her.
Mov'd by that Sight, we ſtopt a while,
To let her take a ſhort, a laſt Farewell.
Quite Breathleſs now, her Head upon his Boſom lean'd,
She wept, and ſpoke with dying Eyes
The tender Anguiſh of her Soul.
He preſs'd her cloſe, and call'd, *My Life!*
She ſigh'd and groan'd, and offer'd an Embrace;
But there, alas! her waſted Spirits ſunk,
And left her on the Floor, expiring.

*Xer.* Extravagance of Love!
If only to behold her parted from a Husband's Arms
Were ſuch a mournful Sight,
Oh! what a Beauteous Ruin will her Sorrows make
When rifl'd of her dearer Honour!
She weeps and wails; with ſwoll'n Eyes looks up to Heav'n,
And chides the Neuter-Gods for their Neglect of Innocence!
But ſay! How have you diſpos'd her Husband?

*Cleo.* While ſhe lay fainting on the Ground
We hurry'd him to Priſon, then us'd all our Care
To bring her back to Life. *Xer.* Is ſhe then recover'd?

*Cleo.* To Life ſhe is, but hardly to her Senſes.
She ſpeaks to none, nor minds another's Speech:
Penſive ſhe ſits, with folded Arms,
Fixing to th' Earth her Blood-ſhot Eyes, and looks
The piteous Image of true Mourning Miſery.

*Xer.* How are her Wounds?

*Cleo.* By virtue of an *Arabian* Plant, ſhe has
Already loſt the Pain: They were at firſt
But ſlight, tho' ſmarting.

*Xer.*

*Xer.* Uſe all the Power of Art to chear her Spirits,
But keep her ſtill within the Palace.
When you perceive ſhe is inclin'd to talk,
Let me hear of her—— *Meſſ.* I beg your Majeſty——
*Xer.* Agen this Plague! Whence are theſe Letters?
*Meſſ.* From my Maſter, Sir, the Governor of your New-erected Fort.
*Xer.* (*Reads.*) Ha! He tells me here ſome Rebels are in Arms,
——That you are able to inform me farther!
Say! Who, what are they?
*Meſſ.* Moſt of 'em are thoſe the *Grecians* left unſlaughter'd.
*Xer.* In Arms!
*Meſſ.* Yes, Sir, and in Order too: They have been
Long us'd to War: You taught 'em firſt the Trade,
And now they ſay, they'll ſet up for themſelves.
*Xer.* So blunt?
*Meſſ.* They talk but little, Sir; they look their Thoughts,
And threaten in their Silence. *Xerx.* *Aranthes* at the Head of 'em?
*Meſſ.* I ſaw, and ſpoke with him. *Xer.* What ſaid the Traytor?
*Meſſ.* He bid me tell you, Sir, Unleſs the General
Were free to morrow, he'd himſelf find Hands
To force the Priſon-Gates.
*Xer.* So Reſolute? What was their Number?
*Meſſ.* When firſt I view'd 'em they appear'd
Not above Ten Thouſand: But in Four Hours
I perceiv'd 'em doubl'd.
*Xer.* Ha! It may be dangerous then too far
T' incenſe a gathering Power—— It muſt be ſo!
Here, take the Royal Signet; haſte, and ſtop
The Execution of *Artabanus*. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Nor is it Fear that makes me do it;
But, on my ſecond Thoughts, it may advance
The glorious Project of my looſe Deſire:
(For ſhe'll believe, when I proteſt it ſo, } [*Aſide.*
That Love of her has made me pitiful.)
Beſide, the News will call her Spirits home,
And make her fit ſo much the ſooner for my Arms.
Poſt to thy Maſter, back: Bid him draw out
Thoſe Forces under his Command, and meet the Rebels.
*Meſſ.* The Rebels, Sir, are more than thrice his Number.
*Xer.* No more! But let him do't, or die!
*Meſſ.* I am gone, Sir. And if he takes my Counſel,
His few ſhall make their Number greater. [*Aſide.*
*Xer.* I'll think no more, nor ſhock my Eaſe,
To entertain a Thought of Toilſome Arms!
But yet, I am not ſafe till theſe are quell'd——
Let Hood-wink'd Fortune uſe her Senſleſs Will!
Man ſees in vain, and does in vain oppoſe her:
Fight, or neglect 'em, ſtill my Fate's decreed;

Nor

Nor is't in me to ſhun a future Ill,
Unleſs, with Pow'r to act, Heav'n gives me Will.
Yet thus to live in Doubt a Torment is!
Then Magick Art ſhall ſet my Mind at Peace: ——
I'll to the *Magi*'s Cave, whoſe Charms ſhall prove
What Fate's deſign'd my Empire, and my Love. [*Exit.*

*The* SCENE *changes to the* Magician's *Cave.*

*Re-enter* Xerxes *alone.*

*Xer.* Come forth, ye Pow'rs on Futurity:
You, that with Pow'rful Charms unlock
The Cabinets of Heav'n, and ſteal from thence
The hidden Fates of Kings and Empires,
Haſte from your gloomy Cell, and ſummon all
Your Art to wait a Monarch's Pleaſure. } *The* Magi *appear.*

*Mag.* Command us, and our Art obeys.

*Xer.* Tell me what End my Empire is decreed,
If I by Foes, or Foes by me ſhall bleed.
Tell me what Pleaſure I in Love ſhall know;
If Love, or Force, ſhall make the Fair One bow.
Exert your Art, and prove what Spells can do.

*Mag.* Prepare the Charm: The Charm muſt be
To *Sophiel*, who delights in Harmony.

1ſt *Mag.* ſings.

Sophiel! *Old Sire of Early Fate,*
*Who ſeeſt before the Gods debate;*
*That know'ſt of yet Unbeing Things,*
*The Fates of Uncreated Kings,*
*Of Men, of Empires, and the Doom*
*Of Thouſand Thouſand Years to come:*
1ſt Mag. *Appear!* 2d. *Appear!* 3d. *Appear!*

1ſt Mag. Sophiel!
*By the Moon's pale Beam,*
*That faintly glimmers o'er the* Stygian *Stream,*
*Appear,* &c.

2d Mag. Sophiel!
*By the Ocean's Ebb and Flow,*
*Whoſe Hidden Cauſe we ne'er cou'd know,*
*Appear,* &c.

3d Mag. Sophiel!
*By the Subterraneous Winds, that make*
*The trembling Earth and Centre ſhake,*
Chorus. *Appear! Thrice! Thrice! invok'd, appear;*
*Whether in Air thy Form does ſtray,*
*Or under Earth by Charms is bound,*
*Swift! ſwift as Light'ning, dart away;*
*Or fierce as Thunder, tear the Ground.*

Sophiel

Sophiel *ariſes in the Form of an Old Man all in White, and ſpeaks.*

*Soph.* Too curious Man! Why doſt thou ſeek to know
Events, which, good or ill, fore-known, are Woe?
Th' All-ſeeing Pow'r, that made the Mortal, gave
Thee every thing a Mortal State ſhould have.
Fore-Knowledge only is enjoy'd by Heav'n,
And, for his Peace of Mind to Man forbidden.
Wretched were Life, if he fore-knew his Doom;
Ev'n Joys fore-ſeen give pleaſing Hope no Room,
And Griefs aſſur'd are felt before they come.
Yet looſe the Charm, be wiſe! O ſend me back;
And what's decreed by Fate, with Patience take.

*Mag.* Thou beg'ſt in vain to croſs our Monarch's Will:
What he commands, Spirit, I charge thee Fell,
Speak, or I'll bind thee in an Everlaſting Spell.

*Soph.* O! ſpare me, and I ſpeak; nor blame my Care:
I thought, in Kindneſs, I might ſay, *Beware.*
Know then, raſh Man, thou'ſt loſt the happy Hour
Which fav'ring Fate once gave within thy Pow'r.
While thus thou liv'ſt in Thoughtleſs Luxury,
Slighted of Friends, of Foes deſpis'd, thou'lt die;
In Madneſs only fam'd to late Poſterity.
But thou in Love a ſtranger Fate ſhalt know;
The Fair One ſhall, but ſhall to Vertue bow,
With humble Love purſue, and thou ſhalt find
Thou art deceiv'd, Alas! in Woman-kind. [*He deſcends.*

*Xer.* Spirit, thou ly'ſt; I ne'er deſpis'd ſhall die:
I'll change my Death, to prove that Fate can lye.
Shou'd Fortune threaten what thy Words declare,
I'd free my Soul, to be reveng'd on her.
And for my Love, I will the Raptures know;
She ſhall to Love or Force, not Vertue, bow.
Vertue may pleaſe, and give dull Souls a Feaſt;
But Raviſhment's a Joy for Gods to taſte. [*Exit.*

*The* SCENE *changes to a private Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Cleontes *and an Officer, and Servants ſetting out a Banquet.*

*Cleo.* Diſpatch, diſpatch! the King approaches.

*Off.* I gueſs the meaning of this Preparation!
But is the Lady in a Condition, think you,
To be entertain'd?

*Cleo.* Her Husband's Liberty and Pardon have re-call'd her Spirits.

*Off.* Has ſhe ſeen him then?

*Cleo.* She has: I ſaw there firſt Meeting here, i'th' Palace.

*Off.* Sure 'twas a joyful one.

*Cleo.* It was, indeed! Joyful, even to a Face of Sorrow:
So movingly she wept her Griefs away,
'Twere hard to judge which seem'd the greater Pain,
The Terrour of his Death, or the distracting Joy
Of his Return to Life: For ev'n there she fainted.

*Off.* Where is her Husband now?

*Cleo.* After the Hurry of their Joy was over,
He beg'd her Leave to visit brave *Mardonius*;
She, loth to part, but more unwilling to deny,
Dismiss'd him on his Promise of a quick Return.
That Visit was the only thing cou'd part 'em,
And now the King's secure of Opportunity:
If in the Interim her Husband should return,
Your Orders are, to give him no Admittance.
See all the Anti-Chambers clear'd! Away! she's here! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Tamira *alone.*

*Tam.* How tedious are the absent Hours of Love!
Life's an unpleasing Dream when he's not with me;
'Tis worse! 'tis Death, and wishing to be born agen!
I am impatient of my State!—— When! when, my Love!
Sure Time stands still, to fly the faster at our Meeting!
Our Hours in Love have Wings; in Absence, Crutches.
What can this Musick mean?—— Address'd to me? [*Soft Musick*
Good Heav'n! the King! and yet I read no Terrour } *Enter* Xerxes, *bow-*
In his Looks!—— Innocence should never know } *ing at a distance.*
The Guilt of Fear: I'm yet——
To thank him for my Husband's Life!
[*To* Xerxes.] When bounteous Heav'n gives a surprizing Joy,
We bend our grateful Knees to thank the Gods: [*She kneels.*
Kings are their Images: Such Thanks as Heav'n
Accepts, (the humble All that Man can pay,)
Receive, O sacred Prince, from me; who, like a God,
Have giv'n me Life restor'd, and more than Life,—— my Husband!
Nor wou'd I have you think that any Power on Earth
But a resistless Love, cou'd e'er have forc'd
My honest Heart to brave my Prince's Anger!

*Xer.* Ay! there, indeed, thou'st nam'd a Motive
That might excuse the foulest Crime,
And wash it fair as Innocence!
Unconquerable Love! Oh, who can brave his Power?
A Power! that braves the eldest Law of Nature:
Ev'n Self-defence is lost, where he exerts his Sway:
For, who'd not rather die in Proof of Love,
Than suffer Life, untasting of his Joys?
When *Jove* created Love!
He made a greater God than *Jove*!
Hadst thou design'd the Ruine of my Empire
At Love's Command, 'twere Treason not t'obey!

From

From him alone our Hells or Heav'n we prove:
He bids the Damn'd deſpair!— the Happy, love!
*Tam.* Defend me, Heav'n! Whither wou'd he drive! [*Aſide.*
*Xer.* Riches, Ambition, Glory, Pride, may boaſt
Their ſeveral Charms to raiſe our Souls aloft;
Yet from the Height of all their towring Thoughts,
When on the eager Stretch to kiſs the Skies,
Thus do we ſee 'em lur'd to Earth, like me,
And reſt their weary'd Wings upon the Hand of Love! [*takes her Hand.*
Why doſt thou turn away? Is it ſuch Pain
To be belov'd! to be ador'd! [*Kneels.*
Can Penitence and humble Tears offend thee?
The Gods are not averſe to thoſe. We kneel
To Heav'n, and taſte of Mercy!
O why! why! didſt thou take an Angel's Form,
Without the Softneſs of an Angel's Mind?
Canſt thou not pity me?
*Tam.* Alas! it is not in my power:
Still as my Thoughts grow ſoft, my Husband ſteals 'em from me!
And he's ſo greedy of the Joy, he ſtrips my Soul,
And leaves me cruel to the World beſide.
*Xer.* Be cruel ſtill, yet will I ſtill love on: I have
Conſider'd all the vain Impoſſibles of Deſpair,
Yet have reſolv'd to uſe no other Help but Love!
But ſuch a Love! fed with ſo ſoft a Flame!
So fond of Miſery! ſo impotent of Hope!
It muſt be inoffenſive to the chaſteſt Ears!
*Tam.* Why do you hold me like a frighted Dove,
That trembles in your Hand, and murmurs for its Mate?
'Tis moſt Inhumane to be cruel 'cauſe you may.
'Tis true, I am your Slave, and in your Power.
*Xer.* Behold, I throw it off! Be free: I ſcorn
All Power but humble Paſſion,
Which thus diſrobes the Purple King,
And ſtrips him to the ſtarving Lover.
—But ſhall I, muſt I ſtarve before ſo fair a Banquet?
*Tam.* I have no Room
To entertain another Gueſt. You may
Diſturb my Love; but never can be welcome to't.
*Xer.* I'll bring with me a tender ſighing Heart;
A Lover's Heart, that bleeds, that languiſhes,
And dies, to make me welcome.
*Tam.* Give it to thoſe that ſtarve; on me 'tis loſt;
I, in a faithful Husband, have Eternal Plenty.
*Xer.* Husband's the groſſeſt Food of Love;
The Ignorant and Vulgar have their Share of him:
The poor contented Drudge of idle Nature;
Cheated of Bliſs, to be the Tool of Propagation.

But didſt thou know the Joys a Lover brings,
Thus wouldſt thou claſp me in thy willing Arms. [*Embracing her.*
And, mad with wild Deſire, confeſs
Thou haſt been fed, but never knew'ſt to taſte before.
*Tam.* Strike! ſtrike me deaf, ye Gods! O Violence!
To the Ears of Vertue!
*Xer.* Vertue's the Bane of Bliſs, and while it checks
The Husband's Love, Love leaves the Lover free.
The Miſer Husband ſtarves a generous Flame;
He thinks you laviſh, when you moſt are kind;
And even fears to ask———
What with a Looſe the happy Lover takes.
He's ſtill impatient of unknown Delight;
Begs with unſated Longings to improve the Bliſs;
And adds, by asking, to the Store of Love.
By Heav'n, ſhe muſt be mine! my Soul's on fire!
And while I graſp her thus, ſhe muſt diſſolve, or burn!
She melts! ſhe pants! her Conſcious Eyes confeſs the Joy,
And ſparkle from her Flames within!
The God of Love lays proſtrate all her Charms,
And thus I ſeize her, yielding to my Arms. [*Eagerly embracing her.*
*Tam.* Tyrant! 'tis falſe I either melt, or burn:
Exerting thus the Strength of Innocence,
I daſh thee from thy Luſtful Hopes for ever! [*Breaking from him.*
Stand off! approach me not! for if thou doſt
By all the Wrongs of my undaunted Love,
Theſe Hands, reſolv'd with horrid Force,
Shall tear my guilty Eyes away, and paſh
The reeking Balls upon the Ground before thee.
*Xer.* Why then the Spirit ly'd
That ſaid, I was deceiv'd in Woman-kind.
I knew my Hopes to conquer thee were vain:
I now deſpair, and that ſecures my Pleaſure!
Women that yield to Love, or vile Reward,
Are Things below the Paſſion of a Monarch's Soul:
But ſhe that can, like thee, be deaft to Power,
To conquering Love, yet bear the Rack for Love,
She is, indeed, a Banquet for the Gods!
I'll be their Taſter now———
And ſerve up in Raviſhment to them.
Hadſt thou ſubmitted to my eager Love,
Perhaps in Heat of Blood I had enjoy'd thee,
And after left thee like a common Thing,
Deſpis'd and hated for thy eaſie giving.
*Tam.* O happy Thought! he teaches me to 'ſcape him!
Forgive me, Love, if now I ſeem the Thing
That Love ſhould moſt abhor. [*Aſide.*

*Xer.* Now, where's that Hand will hurt thoſe Beauteous Eyes?
Srive not! nor think thy Cries can move! yet do! [*Seizing her Hands.*
Reſiſt me ſtill! ſtill Curſe my hated Flame!
'Twil burn the fiercer when oppos'd:
Methinks thou art not cold, as I could wiſh.
By Heav'n, I'll grind thy ſullen Hate to Love,
And glut my Vengeance with abhorr'd Poſſeſſion.
*Tam.* And why Abhorr'd? [*Smiling.*
Can there be Horror in ſo ſweet a Pleaſure?
Can Force be needful to the yielding Fair?
I find, you think me, what I ſeem'd, all Ice!
Ah! little! little do you know of Womankind!
Our Lives! Our Thoughts! Our very Souls are Love.
Our Tears are Softneſs, and our Coyneſs Fear;
Our Frowns Affected, and our Smiles decoying;
Our Hearts are Tender, and our Tongues belye 'em;
Our Wiſhes ſecret, and our Eyes betray 'em:
We muſt be Cruel, e're we can be kind;
And uſe Reſiſtance to be more Deſir'd:
But when our Cruelty has done its Part,
And kindly prov'd how Ill the Wretch can bear,
Then! Then! Our Joy's ſecure—A look can cure Diſpair! *Looks wantonly on him.*
*Xer.* Amazement!
*Tam.* You thought perhaps, becauſe I bore the Rack,
That I could only bear an Husbands Love?
Alas! I ſuffer'd that in ſpite to you,
Not love to him: For you were then my Foe!
My Intereſt Brib'd me there to ſuffer:
My ſtollen Pleaſures now are all ſecure,
The Rack has fix'd my Reputation fair,
It now ſhines out with ſuch a glaring Light,
It blinds the Eyes of Jealouſy.
By Heav'n I know, were you unkind, or baſe,
And ſhould divulge the Joys, I now reſolve to give,
(So fair my Honour ſtands) it wou'd not be believ'd.
*Xer.* Nay, then the Spirit did not lye: For I
Confeſs, I'm now deceiv'd in Womankind.
*Tam.* And why deceiv'd?
Cou'd you believe theſe Eyes, the Stars of Love
Were fixt? Not Planets wandring round the World
To ſearch and taſt of ſweet Variety?
A Husband's Love! periſh the ſtupid Wretch,
Whoſe Heart once fir'd, ſeeks not to burn for ever,
And has an Husbands Fuel to Maintain the Flame?
I ne're could find it ſo: For me! I own?
An Hundred Eager Lovers have ſupply'd his room,
Youth's form'd to melt, and Charm a Womans Heart,
While he abroad has fought his Country's Dauſe,
I've ſtill been raiſing Love Recruits at home.

*Xer.*

*Xer.* By all my Hopes a Strumpet!

*Tam.* But all the Conquests, that my Eyes have won,
Are Poor and Low, Compar'd to you: To make
The Monarch of the World Dispair, and Weep!
Is something sure beyond the Power of Love:
It Prides my Soul, to think my Frowns have force,
And charms me now, to dress my Heart in Smiles.

*Xer.* Thy Frowns were Smiles to me: Thy Smiles are common:
A Monarch cannot Feed, on what has pall'd his Slaves.

*Tam.* You seem uneasy, Sir, permit me touch your Hand,
To taste your Kisses! Now you're grown so cold.

*Xer.* Gods! That a Strumpet cou'd appear so Chast!
Why did I form such Monstrous hopes, to tast
A Woman's Virtue—'Tis Notion all!
Lewdness and Life, are what they take together:

*Tam.* And why! Is that a Name to Fright you?
Why did you woo, unless to win my Love?
How cou'd I yield, unless I turn'd a wanton?

*Xer.* But thou'rt so Foul, I loath thee:
With loofer Beauties to delight my Blood;
Such as will sell their Honour for a Price,
I'm hourly serv'd, and pall'd! 'Tis Vulgar! No!
My Hope was here——
To tast thy Beauty, and thy Virtue too:
But know, that Royal Appetite's above
The Handled Offals of a Common Love;
Thy Virtue Tainted, thou hast lost thy Charms;
I now condemn thee to thy Husband's Arms:
But since thy Lust my Furious Love has tam'd,
As a Reward, take all my Guards inflam'd:
Or if they fail to slake thy loose desire,
So I am free, set all the World on fire. [*Exit* Xer.

*Tam.* Gods! can it be? Is then the Face of Vice,
So loathsome ev'n to the Vicious?
Triumph you Guardian Powers of Virtue!
And let your Case of Innocence this Day,
To your Eternal Glory be Recorded;
For this Escape shall tell the World a Tale,
To make your Precepts more ador'd, than ever.
The loofer Beauties now shall blush to hear,
In what disgrace their lewd Embraces are.
A Tyrant Lustful, and Debauch'd with Power;
In search of Bliss, an Humble Passion wore,
Conceal'd his Lust, his slighted Crown threw by,
And only hop'd from Loves Authority:
But when he found his subtlest Art was Vain,
Unveil'd his Soul, and shew'd the Brute again.

The Trembling Nymph Inſpir'd, for ſuccor flies
To looſe Deſire, ſafe in that foul Diſguiſe,
She Palls his Flame, he ſtarts, and dooms her Back
To all, that Life can give, or happy Lovers take. [*Exit. At another Door.*

# ACT V.

## SCENE, *The Palace.*

*Enter* Xerxes *Attended.*

*Xer.* THrough all th' unmeaſur'd Bounds of Wild Delight,
I never yet could taſt ſubſtantial Joy,
Or know one Pleaſure more than Common Men.
If I indulge my Appetite, I'm cloy'd;
Uneaſy now, with what I lately long'd for:
If when my Blood is high I taſte of Beauty,
I looſe the Bliſs, becauſe my Power Commands;
The Peaſant there takes more delight than I
That Travels through Diſpair to ſweet Poſſeſſion.
When Deaf to Injuries, I make my way
Through others Ruine,
Stern Conſcience ſtops me ſhort, and will be heard;
She keeps me waking, when the World's at Reſt,
And ſtuffs my Pillow with a thouſannd Thornes! [*A ſhout at a diſtance.*
Ha! what mean thoſe ſhouts! they ſound of Mutiny!

*Enter* Cleontes *haſtily.*

*Cleo.* Arm! Arm, my Lord! the City's in a Tumult;
*Aranthes* having forc'd the Priſon Gates,
Has freed *Mardonius* from the Dungeon,
Who drags his Chains along the Crowded Streets,
And calls 'em brave Rewards for Loyalty.

*Xer.* Inſulting Traytor!

*Cleo.* Another Party here produc'd a Rack,
Stain'd with the Blood of fair *Tamira*'s Wounds!
Here in another place
Three dead Virgins, whom you had lately Raviſh'd,
In ſpiteful Pomp were carried round the Streets,
To turn the Peoples Hearts againſt you;
And I much fear, their Fury will be fatal.

*Xer.* Meet they no Oppoſition?
The Magiſtrates, do they ſtand Idle?
They'r out indeed; but ſhew an Hollow-hearted Power,
Unarm'd, and unreſolv'd to quell 'em:
'Tis ſaid that *Artabanus* too,
Is raiſing Friends to join 'em.

*Xer.*

*Xer.* Let him, *Mardonius* and *Aranthes* be preſcrib'd,
Set on each Head an Hundred Talents:
Mean while, to make the Rabbel ours, let 'em
Have leave to Plunder every Rebels Houſe,
Then ſet 'em all on Fire.
If Children, Wife or Servant there have ſhelter,
Let none eſcape, but bury all in Flames.
Allarm the Guards! Bar up the Palace Gates, and follow me. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *Changes to the City.*

[ *Enter* Mardonius *in Chains*, Aranthes *Bearing his Sword, Magiſtrates and People ſhouting.*

*Aran.* Fellows in Arms, and you my Friends of Peace,
Both equally oppreſs'd beneath a Tyrants Yoke,
Behold our Liberty in Chains;
This Loyal Arm and Head buſied in Wounds,
And watching for our Countries Peace and Honour,
Half ſtarv'd, and Fetter'd like a common Traitor;
Unask'd, and unadvis'd of you, have we preſum'd
(Preſuming firſt, you'd not condemn the Action)
To force the Priſon, and ſet free this Man,
Free from a Tyrants Power, but ſtill in Chains;
If you pronounce 'em worthily put on,
Him, and his Sword to your diſcretion we ſurrender,
To arm, to execute, or free himſelf and you.
Is it your Will he be remanded back,
To end his Life in ſhameful Bonds?
Or ſhall he take that Sword, inur'd to Action,
And lead you forth to brave Revenge, and Liberty?
*People.* Arm him! Arm him! Liberty! Liberty! *&c.* } *They give him the Sword and unbind him.*
*Mar.* If ſupple Words
My Noble Country-men muſt ſpeak my Thanks:
I ſhall appear ungrateful for this Truſt Repos'd:
If Blows have Eloquence, I'll be a Talker:
Let it ſuffice, that I am free and Arm'd.
Not my own Wrongs; but yours ſhall edge my Sword,
Your Liberties Infring'd, your Rights deſtroy'd,
Your antient Glory ſunk in Sloth and Tyranny;
Your Ranſack'd Houſes, and exhauſted Treaſure,
Your Tender Virgins, and your Wives deflower'd,
The publick Wrongs, and poor *Tamira*'s Rack,
Are Stings too venom'd, not to ſwell Reſentment,
Ev'n to your Wiſhes Height! Once more, I'm Yours;
Let Heav'n but ſmile tho' *Perſia*'s Head lye low,
I've yet an Arm to ward the Tyrant's Blow. *Exeunt.*
*Omnes.* Liberty, *&c.*

*Enter*

*Enter an Officer, and Four Soldiers of* Artabanus's *Party.*

*Offi.* Here Gentlemen,
Place your Selves at the Corner of this Street,
While I go privately to the Houſe;
If we can bring his Lady ſafely to him,
He'll not be wanting to Reward our Care. [*A Shout.*
Hark! the Tumult's near us!
Ha! What means yon Glaring Light! —It ſeems ſome Fire!
By Heav'n! the Houſe of *Artabanus* all in Flames!
Nay, 'tis the ſame! I know it by the Portal! look!
Look! How the Rabble ſcramble for the Plunder?
What thankleſs Care they take to ſave——
The Plate and Furniture! ſee! how ſome venture
Burning to be Rogues, and yet would Tremble
Should an Honeſt Cauſe Require 'em.

[*Rabble within.*] Away with her, *&c.*

1ſt. *Sold.* And ſee the Torrent Rowles this way.

*Offi.* Ha! By Heav'n the Lady too! *Tamira*
And her Child rudely Drag'd along the Streets.

[*Within.*] Away with her! to the Palace! to the King! away with her!

1ſt. *Sold,* What's to be done? We are no number to oppoſe 'em.

*Offi.* Let us run back to *Artabanus,* and if
Poſſible, bring him down to her Relief,
Before they carry her to the King! Run,
They are upon us. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Tamira *Plunder'd, her Hair and Cloaths diſorder'd; the Rabble with her Child, ſhe ſtriving to recover it.*

*Tam.* O Barbarous Cruel Men!
If you are Men, be touch'd with Human Pitty;
If you ſeek Blood take mine, but ſpare
That harmleſs Babe! Tear not my Heartſtrings from me!
You once were Young and Innocent your ſelves,
And now perhaps have Children of your own.
O! Could you bear to ſee 'em torn by Cruel Hands,
From off their tender Mothers Breaſts?
Wou'd it not make you Bleed, and tear your Hair,
And pierce the Heav'ns with your ſhreiking Sorrows?

1. *Rab.* Come! I ſay give her the Child, it has done us
No harm, and will do us no good!

2. *Rab.* The Child's my lawful Plunder, and I will keep it.

*Tam.* [*Kneeling.*] Dear Sir, You look with Eyes of Mercy on me,
If you have Power Command, if Pity ſpeak him fair,
So at your latest Hour may you ſweet Mercy find
Of Heav'n, as now you ſhow it me.
But ſee! His Bloody Arm is Rais'd! O ſtop [*She Riſes.*
The Fatal Blow! O hold! For pity hold!
See, Sir, I've that will charm you to Compaſſion;
This Diamond—— [*Takes it from her Boſom.*

2 *Rab.* Ay! That Diamond——

*Tam.* The first dear Pledge of my Unhappy Love,
To save a more Endearing One;
Weeping I bestow you: 'Tis all i'th' World
Of Value I have left me:
And were I starving now for want of Food,
If this were only left to feed me, wou'd I starve,
So much beyond my Life I prize its worth!
But oh! so far beyond 'em both I love my Child.

2. *Rab.* Ay! now I feel thee Woman! let's see the Ring.

*Tam.* Here, Gentle Sir, and with it take
Ten Thousand Prayers—— Sir——

2. *Rab.* You must have no Child, till I have such another Diamond.

*Tam.* By all my Woes I am a Beggar!
You cannot be so Cruel to refuse me now;
Believe me! search! take all! strip me
To pinching Cold, to every thing but shame.
Tear off this Idle Robe, it misbecomes me
While that tender Infant needs it.

1. *Rab.* Pshah! away with her! must we stand to hear
A Woman Prate?

2. *Rab.* Ay! Ay! away with her! *&c.*

*Tam.* My Child! O Savage Creatures! *Catching at the Fellow,*

*Om.* To the King, to the Palace! away with her. *she falls on the Ground.*

*Tam.* Ha! The King! Not all your force shall drag me;
Thus will I Dash the Ground, and tear a Passage
To escape him! Fierce Thunder strike me to the Grave!
Gape Earth, and take me living down to Horror!
Torments! any Hell! But Life and Shame! O!

*Omn.* Drag her! away with her, *&c.* [*They drag her by the Hair.*

*Tam.* O Cruel! Cruel Men! [*As they are going off.*

*Enter* Mardonius, Aranthes, *and their Party.*

*Mar.* What means this strange Disorder Friends?
Why swarm you thus like angry Bees unhiv'd,
That sting in wild Revenge, or Friend, or Foe?
Is it because you want a Head to lead you?
Or do you blindly serve a Tyrant's Will?
Why is this Woman rudely drag'd along? [*They loose her, as half afraid.*

*Tam.* Relieve me Heav'n!

*Mar.* Now by my Soul! the Fair *Tomira.* Help ho! [*They Raise her.*

*Tam.* Protect me, Brave *Mardonius*!

*Mar.* Protect! Yes, and Revenge thee too; Villains!

*Tam.* Hold! I conjure you hold—— Good Sir, be mild,
And speak 'em fair, or that Revenge
May cost me dearer, than my Life—my Child!

*Mar.* Ha! Forego the Infant, Slaves!
Or by the lifted Fury of this Arm——

*Tam.* Oh! do not fright 'em Sir! see! they're merciful
And kind! they will not hurt the Babe!
*Mar.* Whence comes this Insolence, you Hounds! } *They set down the Child, which runs into her Arms.*
You hungry yelping Curs, that run at all
Whence Mischief cries Halloo!
Is Innocence your Game? Hence! to your Kennels Dogs!
*Omn.* Fly! Fly! *&c.* [*Beats 'em off.*
*Aran.* Let 'em run on, they are not worth pursuit,
Their Fear will soon disperse 'em.
*Tam.* But where's my Lord, my *Artabanus*, Sir!
Why is it he's not with you!
*Mar.* Having expected him er'e this to join us,
We sent to know th' occasion of his delay,
And every Moment wait his Answer.
*Aran.* And see, Sir, the Messenger is return'd!

*Enter an Officer.*

*Mar.* Now! Have you seen the General?
*Offi.* My Lord, I found him Posted on a little Hill
Without the City;
From whence, Enrag'd, he saw his House in Flames,
And led his Men with Fury down to join you:
As he was Marching on,
An Officer (whom just before h'had sent
To find, and bring his Lady to him)
With breathless haste Inform'd him that the Rabble,
Were that very moment dragging her to the Palace;
At this he Trembl'd, and his Lips grew Pale;
But on a sudden, starting from the Fit,
He March'd his Numbers in disorder'd haste,
Strait on to th' Palace, resolving there
To force the Guards, to Dye, or Rescue her;
And this delays him, Sir, ——
*Mar.* Ill Tim'd and dangerous Error!
But hast! away again, and tell him
His *Tamira*'s safe with me —— If he shou'd force
The Guards, he runs into the Jaws of Death.
*Tam.* O! Fly before the Danger meets him. *Ex. Officer.*
*Mar.* Some on before to stop the Fire!
*Tamira* be your Care *Aranthes*,
While I with these March on to his Assistance. *Ex.* Tam. *and* Aran.

*Enter a Second Officer Wounded.*

*Offi.* Arm! Arm!
*Mar.* How now Soldier! What mean these Wounds?
*Offi.* My Lord, they faintly speak our General's Danger.
*Mar.* Where is he?
*Offi.* This Moment Storming at the Palace Gate,
I left him there demanding his *Tamira*,
And threatning if refus'd, to bury it in Ashes.

At which the King in mad Revenge grown desperate,
Threw him an Handkerchief Distain'd with Blood,
And cry'd, take there! There's all that's left
Of thy *Tamira* now, the rest of her is Cold.
Swell'd with that Sight, he flew with Fury on the Guards,
And now Impatient of Revenge, like Wildfire throws
Destruction round him for a Time;
But must at last Expire, and let his curious Foes
With safe Amazement, view the wondrous shell that held it.
Alas! I fear you'll be too late: But yet
There's Hope in haste, my Lord, to stem this Flood of Ruin.

*Adar.* O Fatal Error! on to the Palace! March! *Exeunt.*

## SCENE *The Palace.*

*An Allarm is heard, several run o'e the Stage, and* Xerxes *in Disorder.*

*Omn.* Fly! Fly! they are Entring! they are upon us: Fly! *Exeunt.*

*Xer.* Confusion! How the Slaves forsake me!
They've caught me in the Snare! Nor can I 'scape 'em now.
Let 'em go all! I'll stand the shock alone!
The fearful Stag at Bay will Fight,
Will dye reveng'd upon his Hunters;
And the fierce Lyon's wilder in the Toil:
Shall Danger shake a Monarch's Soul?
Now by my Crown's Right Royal Majesty
I will not fall! What Hoa! my Beaver Slaves!
I'll put the Godhead on, and Destiny
Shall tear her Idle Scrolls of Fate decreed;
For she has written false of me! I will not dye,
Nor shall my Foes have power to Face me!
Thus with this Awful Front,
I'll look the Raging God within,
And Frown 'em into Fear! —Thou Pale fac'd Slave! [*Shout & Clashing.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sol.* My Lord, Your Guards are half destroy'd,
The rest Revolted all to *Artabanus*, ——
Who like a Deluge, with his Force comes Rowling in.

*Xer.* Let him Rowl on! He meets a Rock will stand unmov'd his Roar,
And dash him into Dew. [*Shout again.*

*Enter* Artabanus *Pressing back his Followers.*

*Art.* On pain of Death let no Man follow me!

*Xer.* How dareſt thou Slave!
With that Rebellious Face Confront thy King,
Or Tempt the Vengeance of a waking Deity?

*Art.* When Kings are Cast in Molds Divine,
We find their Actions Great and Pitiful:
Pity's the Noblest Composition of a God.

But

But thou haſt none! No ſoft Compaſſion ever touch't thee.
Tygers and Wolves, to thee, are tame! See here, [*The Handkerchief.*
The ruful Flag proclaims thee worſe than Tyrant:
Or if a nearer Name can reach thee—— Devil!

*Xer.* Traytor——

*Art.* From any Mouth but thine, wou'd ſhock my Soul.
Or if I am a Traytor,
Ev'n thoſe juſt Powers that gave me Vertue,
When they behold the Wrongs that rais'd my Arm,
Will ſure allow, I was not prompt to ill,
Not eaſily diſloyal—— My Vertue did its part:
If held, it ſtruggled ſtoutly to be tame.
But here's a Force would break the ſtrongeſt Hold,
And turn ev'n Pity to Revenge and Rage.
If yet the Horrour of the Deed
Has left thee Temper, ſpeak! What had the poor
*Tamira* done, to merit ſuch a Death?
Why haſt thou kill'd——
The tendreſt Mother, and the ſofteſt Wife?

*Xer.* But that I know to fly, will gall thy Heart,
I'd ſpurn thee, Traytor, for this bold Demand;
Daring to aſk a Reaſon of thy Monarch's Will:
But, as a God, to Thunder-ſtrike thy Soul,
I tell thee, Slave, I Whor'd her to a Diſ-liking,
And then ſhe was unfit for Life;
Nor cou'd I brook to let her live for thee,
After the Stamp of Royal Love was on her.

*Art.* O ſavage! bloody Tyrant! The Horrour of his Words
Has numm'd my Senſes, and drowns my weak Revenge in Tears.

*Xer.* Now, By my Glorious Brother in the Skies,
My Words have more than Power of common Kings;
They're ſomething near! 'Tis Second-Fate
To ſtrike this hardy Soldier pale with Fear!
He weeps! he dies!—— I've look'd him to a Ghoſt!

*Art.* And art thou dead? Our Infant-Love for ever parted!
—No more of Woman now!—— Farewell!
Nor need I this to dry my Tears,
The Thirſt of Vengeance rages in my Blood,
And drinks 'em faſter than they flow——
Hear, hear me, Gods! Revenge your Heads prophan'd; [*Kneels.*
And as the Cauſe, the woeful Cauſe, is yours,
So from this Arm (your not unwilling Inſtrument)
Hurl ſwift Deſtruction to the Tyrant's Heart—— [*Riſing.*

*Xer.* I laugh at all that Fate can do! Come on, rath Fool!
And if thy Life's a Pain, (as, ſure, a Rebel's ought,)
Thus Hand to Hand oppos'd, Death never took
A Nobler Form to face thee——

*Art.* Now, By the Sun's Refulgent Ray,
I meet thee worthy of my Rage.
Oh! I cou'd thank thee that thy Blood's so high:
That Manly Fury in thy Eyes transports me!
It sets the Noble Front of Honour in my View,
And heightens my Revenge with Glory.

[*They fight; and after some Passes,* Xerxes *speaks.*

*Xer.* Confusion! How he dallies with my Fury!
But thus I pour it all at once,
And certain send thee to the Shades.

*Art.* And thus the Gods re-pay thee———— [*Both fall.*

*Xer.* Furies! and Hell! They've struck me now indeed!
But if there be Hereafter, I'll revenge it still.
Rebellion from the lowest Shades shall rise,
And give 'em fresh Alarms of War,
More dreadful than their puny Giants Rage:
The desperate Fiends, by me to Freedom led,
Shall dash their Chains against their Crystal Tow'rs,
And shake their Heav'n to Horrour!——Oh! I am faint!
My gushing Blood flows inward to my Throat,
And drives our Life before it! Ha! 'tis false!
I am not dying! No! I'm weary of the World,
And now will sleep for ever!———— [*Dies.*

*Art.* When I behold this Sight, I wish to follow thee:
Death cannot be more terrible;
His Hand is on me, and his Looks are mild,
To be no more, is now to be most happy.
Oh, for a Friendly Witness of my Glory! Hark! [*A Trumpet.*
My Fortune's kind, I hear 'em coming!

*Enter* Mardonius *and his Party.*

Oh! welcome Friend! My Fellow-Soldiers, welcome!
See there the Wounds of *Persia* cur'd, the Tyrant's dead:
By me he fell, and poor *Tamira* is reveng'd.

*Mar.* Horrour on Horrour! Thy *Tamira* lives!——
And comes with eager Love to meet thy Arms:
Oh! rather had she died, than thus to meet thee!

*Art.* What means my Friend? *Tamira* living?

*Mar.* Run! Haste, and tell her of this bloody Chance!
If she would see her Husband, she must fly.
Alas, my Friend! That Gory Handkercher
Was only by the Tyrant thrown to gall thee:
Thy poor *Tamira* lives! This Moment dragg'd along
By the rude Rabble, I redeem'd her safe.
But hark! *Aranthes* brings her on! He faints! [*A Trumpet at a distance.*
O Cruel! Gods! can you not lend one Hour
To a departing Lover!

*Art.* Grieve not for me! Give to my Wife thy Tears;
She'll need a Friends Compassion: Let not her Sorrows

(For

(For I know she'll mourn my Fall) be desperate;
Her little Infant will require some Care;
I charge her, live for that———
Commend me to her Heart, and let her know,
My lateſt dying Words, and Thoughts,
Confeſt her Loving, more than Life belov'd——— [*Dies.*

*Mar.* He's gone! O Freedom dearly bought!
Unwelcome Peace! Without the Life that gave it.
But ſee, his frighted Widow comes! O mournful Thought!
O piteous Woman!

*Enter* Aranthes, *with* Tamira: *She runs to the Body.*

*Tam.* Where! where's my bleeding Lord? Stand off!
O give him to my Arms! Hah!— Speechleſs! and pale! Oh!

*Aranthes.* Help ho! ſhe ſinks; lets raiſe her from him.

*Tam.* Oh! we muſt never part,
But with more Pain than Bodies loſe their Souls.
Dear Sir, for Pity's ſake oppoſe me not;
Ev'n in your Eyes I read a Friend's Concern;
But mine's a nearer Tye! a Wife! Alas!
I was his Wife, his tender Wife belov'd.

*Mar.* Indeed, I pity thee: But yet, call Reaſon to thy Aid.

*Tam.* Ah! Do I not, my Lord? Are not my Tears my Duty?
Have I not Cauſe to tear my Fleſh, to bleed,
And daſh me on the Ground?———
Oh! cou'd my Tears but fall like Showers from Heav'n,
This diſmal Object, ſure, wou'd drown the World.

*Mar.* Be comforted, fair Creature!
Nothing is ours: Nature but lends us Life.
Since Death's a Debt that all muſt pay———

*Tam.* Since he is dead, is there a Comfort left me?
Oh! I cou'd out-weep the Southern Clouds! Away,
And give my Sorrows Room: Stand off!
And let me fill my Arms with Woe! [*Embracing the Body.*
Grudge me not this! This Eaſe of Miſery indulg'd,
Let me but talk a while, and gaze, and kiſs
His cold, unfeeling Lips, and you ſhall ſee me quiet;
Huſh'd as the Cradle-Babe,
When chidden by its angry Parent to a Slumber. [*Weeps over him.*

*Aran.* Give her her Way, my Lord!
Her Grief ſwells higher when oppos'd.

*Mar.* By Heav'n, this ſtubborn Heart, that has, unmov'd,
Walk'd by a Heap of groaning Foes,
At this ſad Sight is melted down to Woman.

*Tam.* Huſh!— Who's that, weeps ſo loud!— You'll wake my Lord!!
He is not well,—— he ſlumbers, and a cold,
Damp Sweat is on his Brow! O my poor Love!
Hark! hark! He calls me in his Sleep! He chides;
Says I am unkind, and fear to follow him!

As if the Terrour were not in Life behind him! Ha!
What means this Friendly Weapon at my Breast?
It looks not, sure, as if the Hand of Chance
But Love, had laid it, to relieve my Woes!
——'Tis so! —— 'Twas Love: —— and Love applies it here!
[*She stabs her self with her Husband's Sword.*

*Aran.* O fatal Deed!
*Mar.* O rash Despair!
*Tam.* Call it not rash, when there's such Ease in Death.
But Death, alas! is never wholly kind,
For tho' I'm pleas'd to think I had not Power
T' out-live my Lord, yet, Oh! it grieves my Heart
That I have robb'd an Infant of its Mother.
Oh! be a Friend to that; and teach him, Sir,
To keep the Middle-Paths of Active Life,
When wild Ambition, or too powerful Love,
With eager Heat would drive him blindly on;
Be kind, and warn him with his Parents Ruin. [*Dies.*
*Mar.* There broke
The tend'rest Heart that ever sigh'd in Love:
But Love was her Undoing; for once,
In wild Revenge, to right her Love betray'd,
She struck a Ponyard to the Villain *Memnon's* Heart.
The Gods have frown'd; but Men must pity her:
Nay, Heav'n but half-resents her Fault, gives her
A kind, a not untimely Death: 'Twas then
Too late to live, when all she lov'd was gone.
Remove the Bodies, never more to part:
Living, one chaste Bed; now one Grave shall hold 'em.
But here, the Gods with Terrour strike Mankind. [*Turning to* Xerxes.
Let Kings and jarring Subjects hence be warn'd.
Not to oppress, or drive Revenge too far:
Kings are but Men, and Men by Nature err;
Subjects are Men, and cannot always bear.
Much shou'd be born before Revenge is sought:
Ever Revenge on Kings is dearly bought.
Yet, to our Woes, the Gods this Comfort give;
From those that die, the Living learn to live.

*The* END

# XERXES,

A

# TRAGEDY,

As it is ACTED at the *NEW THEATRE* in *Little Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

---

## Written by *C. CIBBER.*

---

*Quot Homines, Tot Sententiæ.*

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*LONDON,*

Printed for *Richard Baſſet*, at the *George*, over againſt the *Inner-Temple-Gate*, in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1699.

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LONDON,

Printed for Richard Bentley, at the Post-House over against the Inner-Temple-Gate, in Fleet-Street. 1699.

# The Epistle Dedicatory.

To my Worthy Friend

SAMUEL ADAMS

OF

WOLVERTON, *Gent.*

I Can't tell why an Old Friend and Kinsman, shou'd not give a Man as good a Title to a Dedication, as a fine Coat, and a great Perriwig; Two Qualities, that of late, are thought as strictly Requisite in a Fashionable Patron, as a Clap, and a Duel, to the compleating a Gentleman.

And indeed, it's no wonder that our late Plays are so Barren, since we generally see our Authors reserve their Gall and Satyr, for their Dedications, where they seem to smile in the Patron's Face; and are civilly calling him Coxcomb, by a long Repetition of those Virtues, which Half the Town is heartily convinced, he is not the least Tainted with: And thus, (as *Apelles* displeas'd with his Painting an Horse's Foam, gave it the most heightning Touch, by throwing his Pencil at it in a Fury) these Gentlemen that are so very tame, and civil in their Satyr, are most Satyrical in their Panegyricks, and never so compleatly show a Fop, as when they are hardest at Work upon the fine Gentleman.

Now, my end in sending you this Play with your Name to't, was purely to let you see, that I still take a Pleasure in thinking of you, though at this Distance; and (if you find it worth a Room in your

Too little to Reward thy Conſtancy;
But if thy Husband's Life and Safety can,
Nay, and his Friends too, they are thine,
Thy Goodneſs has redeem'd 'em.

*Tam.* What ſaid you, Sir? You do not flatter me! [*Weeping.*

*Xer.* Search round my Kingdom for a Wiſh, 'tis thine.
Or Wealth, or Empire, all too poor a Gift,
For ſuch exalted Virtue!
But ask! O ſpeak! and teach me to be grateful!

*Tam.* O my cheer'd Heart! Shall I not ask in vain?

*Xer.* Speak, and enjoy thy Wiſh!

*Tam.* Indeed it is an humble one: I ask
Not Wealth or power, I ne're was fond of Dignity;
Nature and Reaſon ever taught me to believe,
No taſte of Life cou'd be, but in the Free,
Th' intire Poſſeſſion of the Man that lov'd me,
Give me his Life, and him the Life of thoſe
Unhappy Friends, his raſhneſs has engag'd,
And I am more than happy.

*Xer.* All this I had reſolv'd unask'd;
Can nothing more be giv'n to chear thy Life?

*Tam.* A little more, If I might ſpeak!

*Xer.* Speaking is to enjoy.

*Tam.* Then give us leave, my Husband, Sir,
Our little Infant, and my ſelf, with the Remains
Of our Inheritance, to ſeek Retirement,
On ſome remote and unknown Clime,
Where Power and State, may never more
Diſturb the Peace of our unmurmuring Love.

*Xer.* Draw up a Pardon ſtrait for *Artabanus*,
And thoſe with him concern'd in this Conſpiracy.
Here! Fair one, take this Ring! Give it thy Husband,
Be that thy Triumph, and his Paſport through the World:
Now gently raiſe, and bear her to the Palace,
And let our own Phyſicians have the care of her.

*Tam.* Alas, my Lord, I want no Art, ſuch words as theſe
Wo'd heal a Wretch expiring of his Wounds!
O let me kiſs your Sacred Feet,
And thank you with my grateful Tears of Joy;
Thus let me weep, and waſh your cruel Guilt away,
Till Gods and Men, ſtand wondering at your Virtue!

*Xer.* Riſe, Fair Creature! Live, and enjoy the Man that loves thee.

*Tam.* Now you indeed have rais'd me, rais'd me, Sir,
From Death to Life, to Love, and to my Husband!
But haſt! O lead me to him, e're my Wounds are cold,
That I may fold his Body in theſe Bleeding Arms,
And print it or'e with Crimſon Characters
Of Eternal Faith!

And now let baſe Detraction bluſh
To call us Cowards, or Inconſtant Souls,
Since ev'ry Drop that falls from me
May to our injur'd Sex's Glory prove,
That Racks nor Hell could ſhake a Woman's Love. [*Exit.*

*Xer.* Then thou 'rt the firſt that never could be won,
And therefore only fit to feed a Love
Luxurious as my own: Now follow her;
Seize her Husband the Moment ſhe diſcovers him,
And bear him to the Scaffold.

*Cleo.* You gave your Royal Word to ſpare him, Sir.

*Xer.* No, Fool; I gave my Word to find him out!
Juſtice demanded him, and ſince the Rack
Produc'd him not, I might with Juſtice then
Make uſe of Policy; and now I'm both
Secure of my Revenge and Love!

*Cleo.* Then ſhe muſt not die, Sir!

*Xer.* Oh! no! ſhe lives, and ſhall be lov'd to Ruin!
I've prov'd her Vertue now, and find
It worthy of a Siege: I'll further try
If all the moving Penitence of Love can take her:
If (as I would) ſhe ſtill reſiſt that Pow'r,
The nobleſt Way to conquer is to ſtorm.
'Tis Oppoſition gives the Victor Glory!
Oh! what a noble Guſt will ſwell my Soul
When ſhe lies drown'd in Tears, and trembling in my Graſp!
Nay, after my abhorr'd Poſſeſſion I'll hold her down
With ſmiling Spite, and talk my Raptures o'er;
In her unwilling Ears I'll pour ſuch Tales
Of Looſe Deſire, her very Soul ſhall feel the Rape.
And though——
Her Words may beg I wou'd her Life deſtroy,
I'll make her Eyes confeſs that ſhe partakes the Joy. [*Exit.*

---

# ACT IV.

## The Scene, *the Palace.*

*Enter* Xerxes *attended, a Meſſenger offering him a Letter.*

*Xer.* WAit on me to morrow!
I'm not at leiſure now for Buſineſs.

*Meſſ.* To morrow, Sir, may be too late;
They 're of Importance, and concern
The Safety of your Royal Perſon.

*Xer.*

*Xer.* I tell thee, Slave, my Will's my Safety;
When Danger dares to face me,
I'll command it from my Perſon.

*Meſſ.* But, Sir———

*Xer.* No more! My Pleaſures wait!

*Enter* Cleontes.

Now, my *Cleontes*; What News from Love?
How does *Tamira* bear her heavy Change of Fortune?

*Cleo.* Oh! never, never did the weeping Eyes
Of Pity view a Scene ſo mournful. When firſt
We ſeiz'd, and forc'd her Husband from her Arms,
She wrung her Hands, and ſhriek'd, and tore her flowing Hair!
Beating her Breaſts; and in her wild Deſpair
She broke through all the Guards, with an amazing Force,
And ſtrain'd her Arms once more around him.
We ſtrove to part him from her Hold; but ſhe
Still clung, and claſp'd with ſuch Convulſive Force,
That from her half-heal'd Wounds the ſtarting Blood
Agen ſprung forth———
And ſprinkl'd thoſe with Pity that oppos'd her.
Mov'd by that Sight, we ſtopt a while,
To let her take a ſhort, a laſt Farewell.
Quite Breathleſs now, her Head upon his Boſom lean'd,
She wept, and ſpoke with dying Eyes
The tender Anguiſh of her Soul.
He preſs'd her cloſe, and call'd, *My Life!*
She ſigh'd and groan'd, and offer'd an Embrace;
But there, alas! her waſted Spirits ſunk,
And left her on the Floor, expiring.

*Xer.* Extravagance of Love!
If only to behold her parted from a Husband's Arms
Were ſuch a mournful Sight,
Oh! what a Beauteous Ruin will her Sorrows make
When rifl'd of her dearer Honour!
She weeps and wails; with ſwoll'n Eyes looks up to Heav'n,
And chides the Neuter-Gods for their Neglect of Innocence!
But ſay! How have you diſpos'd her Husband?

*Cleo.* While ſhe lay fainting on the Ground
We hurry'd him to Priſon, then us'd all our Care
To bring her back to Life. *Xer.* Is ſhe then recover'd?

*Cleo.* To Life ſhe is, but hardly to her Senſes.
She ſpeaks to none, nor minds another's Speech:
Penſive ſhe ſits, with folded Arms,
Fixing to th' Earth her Blood-ſhot Eyes, and looks
The piteous Image of true Mourning Miſery.

*Xer.* How are her Wounds?

*Cleo.* By virtue of an *Arabian* Plant, ſhe has
Already loſt the Pain: They were at firſt
But ſlight, tho' ſmarting.

*Xer.*

*Xer.* Uſe all the Power of Art to chear her Spirits,
But keep her ſtill within the Palace.
When you perceive ſhe is inclin'd to talk,
Let me hear of her—— *Meſſ.* I beg your Majeſty——
*Xer.* Agen this Plague! Whence are theſe Letters?
*Meſſ.* From my Maſter, Sir, the Governor of your New-erected Fort.
*Xer.* (*Reads.*) Ha! He tells me here ſome Rebels are in Arms,
——That you are able to inform me farther!
Say! Who, what are they?
*Meſſ.* Moſt of 'em are thoſe the *Grecians* left unſlaughter'd.
*Xer.* In Arms!
*Meſſ.* Yes, Sir, and in Order too: They have been
Long us'd to War: You taught 'em firſt the Trade,
And now they ſay, they'll ſet up for themſelves.
*Xer.* So blunt?
*Meſſ.* They talk but little, Sir; they look their Thoughts,
And threaten in their Silence. *Xer.* *Aranthes* at the Head of 'em?
*Meſſ.* I ſaw, and ſpoke with him. *Xer.* What ſaid the Traytor?
*Meſſ.* He bid me tell you, Sir, Unleſs the General
Were free to morrow, he'd himſelf find Hands
To force the Priſon-Gates.
*Xer.* So Reſolute? What was their Number?
*Meſſ.* When firſt I view'd 'em they appear'd
Not above Ten Thouſand: But in Four Hours
I perceiv'd 'em doubl'd.
*Xer.* Ha! It may be dangerous then too far
T' incenſe a gathering Power— It muſt be ſo!
Here, take the Royal Signet; haſte, and ſtop
The Execution of *Artabanus*. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Nor is it Fear that makes me do it;
But, on my ſecond Thoughts, it may advance
The glorious Project of my looſe Deſire:
(For ſhe'll believe, when I proteſt it ſo, } [*Aſide.*
That Love of her has made me pitiful.)
Beſide, the News will call her Spirits home,
And make her fit ſo much the ſooner for my Arms.
Poſt to thy Maſter, back: Bid him draw out
Thoſe Forces under his Command, and meet the Rebels.
*Meſſ.* The Rebels, Sir, are more than thrice his Number.
*Xer.* No more! But let him do't, or die!
*Meſſ.* I am gone, Sir. And if he takes my Counſel,
His few ſhall make their Number greater. [*Aſide.*
*Xer.* I'll think no more, nor ſhock my Eaſe,
To entertain a Thought of Toilſome Arms!
But yet, I am not ſate till theſe are quell'd——
Let Hood-wink'd Fortune uſe her Senſleſs Will!
Man ſees in vain, and does in vain oppoſe her:
Fight, or neglect 'em, ſtill my Fate's decree'd;

Nor is't in me to ſhun a future Ill,
Unleſs, with Pow'r to act, Heav'n gives me Will.
Yet thus to live in Doubt a Torment is!
Then Magick Art ſhall ſet my Mind at Peace:
I'll to the *Magi*'s Cave, whoſe Charms ſhall prove
What Fate's deſign'd my Empire, and my Love. [*Exit.*

*The* SCENE *changes to the* Magician's *Cave.*

*Re-enter* Xerxes *alone.*

*Xer.* Come forth, ye Pow'rs on Futurity:
You, that with Pow'rful Charms unlock
The Cabinets of Heav'n, and ſteal from thence
The hidden Fates of Kings and Empires,
Haſte from your gloomy Cell, and ſummon all
Your Art to wait a Monarch's Pleaſure. } *The* Magi *appear.*

*Mag.* Command us, and our Art obeys.

*Xer.* Tell me what End my Empire is decreed,
If I by Foes, or Foes by me ſhall bleed.
Tell me what Pleaſure I in Love ſhall know;
If Love, or Force, ſhall make the Fair One bow.
Exert your Art, and prove what Spells can do.

*Mag.* Prepare the Charm: The Charm muſt be
To *Sophiel*, who delights in Harmony.

1ſt *Mag.* ſings.

Sophiel! *Old Sire of Early Fate,*
*Who ſeeſt before the Gods debate;*
*That know'ſt of yet Unbeing Things,*
*The Fates of Uncreated Kings,*
*Of Men, of Empires, and the Doom*
*Of Thouſand Thouſand Years to come:*
1ſt Mag. *Appear!* 2d. *Appear!* 3d. *Appear!*

1ſt Mag. Sophiel!
*By the Moon's pale Beam,*
*That faintly glimmers o'er the* Stygian *Stream,*
*Appear,* &c.

2d Mag. Sophiel!
*By the Ocean's Ebb and Flow,*
*Whoſe Hidden Cauſe we ne'er cou'd know,*
*Appear,* &c.

3d Mag. Sophiel!
*By the Subterraneous Winds, that make*
*The trembling Earth and Centre ſhake,*

Chorus. *Appear! Thrice! Thrice! invok'd, appear;*
*Whether in Air thy Form does ſtray,*
*Or under Earth by Charms is bound,*
*Swift! ſwift as Light'ning, dart away;*
*Or fierce as Thunder, tear the Ground.*

Sophiel

Sophiel *arises in the Form of an Old Man all in White, and speaks.*

*Soph.* Too curious Man! Why doſt thou ſeek to know
Events, which, good or ill, fore-known, are Woe?
Th' All-ſeeing Pow'r, that made the Mortal, gave
Thee every thing a Mortal State ſhould have.
Fore-Knowledge only is enjoy'd by Heav'n,
And, for his Peace of Mind to Man forbidden.
Wretched were Life, if he fore-knew his Doom;
Ev'n Joys fore-ſeen give pleaſing Hope no Room,
And Griefs aſſur'd are felt before they come.
Yet looſe the Charm, be wiſe! O ſend me back;
And what's decreed by Fate, with Patience take.

*Mag.* Thou beg'ſt in vain to croſs our Monarch's Will;
What he commands, Spirit, I charge thee Fell,
Speak, or I'll bind thee in an Everlaſting Spell.

*Soph.* O! ſpare me, and I ſpeak; nor blame my Care:
I thought, in Kindneſs, I might ſay, *Beware.*
Know then, raſh Man, thou'ſt loſt the happy Hour
Which fav'ring Fate once gave within thy Pow'r.
While thus thou liv'ſt in Thoughtleſs Luxury,
Slighted of Friends, of Foes deſpis'd, thou'lt die;
In Madneſs only fam'd to late Poſterity.
But thou in Love a ſtranger Fate ſhalt know;
The Fair One ſhall, but ſhall to Vertue bow.
With humble Love purſue, and thou ſhalt find
Thou art deceiv'd, Alas! in Woman-kind. [*He deſcends.*

*Xer.* Spirit, thou ly'ſt; I ne'er deſpis'd ſhall die:
I'll change my Death, to prove that Fate can lye.
Shou'd Fortune threaten what thy Words declare,
I'd free my Soul, to be reveng'd on her.
And for my Love, I will the Raptures know;
She ſhall to Love or Force, not Vertue, bow.
Vertue may pleaſe, and give dull Souls a Feaſt;
But Raviſhment's a Joy for Gods to taſte. [*Exit.*

*The* SCENE *changes to a private Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Cleontes *and an Officer, and Servants ſetting out a Banquet.*

*Cleo.* Diſpatch, diſpatch! the King approaches.

*Off.* I gueſs the meaning of this Preparation!
But is the Lady in a Condition, think you,
To be entertain'd?

*Cleo.* Her Husband's Liberty and Pardon have re-call'd her Spirits.

*Off.* Has ſhe ſeen him then?

*Cleo.* She has: I ſaw there firſt Meeting here, i'th' Palace.

*Off.* Sure 'twas a joyful one.

*Cleo.* It was, indeed! Joyful, even to a Face of Sorrow:
So movingly she wept her Griefs away,
'Twere hard to judge which seem'd the greater Pain,
The Terrour of his Death, or the distracting Joy
Of his Return to Life: For ev'n there she fainted.

*Off.* Where is her Husband now?

*Cleo.* After the Hurry of their Joy was over,
He beg'd her Leave to visit brave *Mardonius*;
She, loth to part, but more unwilling to deny,
Dismiss'd him on his Promise of a quick Return.
That Visit was the only thing cou'd part 'em,
And now the King's secure of Opportunity:
If in the Interim her Husband should return,
Your Orders are, to give him no Admittance.
See all the Anti-Chambers clear'd! Away! she's here! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Tamira *alone.*

*Tam.* How tedious are the absent Hours of Love!
Life's an unpleasing Dream when he's not with me;
'Tis worse! 'tis Death, and wishing to be born agen!
I am impatient of my State!—— When! when, my Love!
Sure Time stands still, to fly the faster at our Meeting!
Our Hours in Love have Wings; in Absence, Crutches.
What can this Musick mean?—— Address'd to me? [*Soft Musick*
Good Heav'n! the King! and yet I read no Terrour } *Enter* Xerxes, *bowing at a distance.*
In his Looks!—— Innocence should never know }
The Guilt of Fear: I'm yet——
To thank him for my Husband's Life!
[*To* Xerxes.] When bounteous Heav'n gives a surprizing Joy,
We bend our grateful Knees to thank the Gods: [*She kneels.*
Kings are their Images: Such Thanks as Heav'n
Accepts, (the humble All that Man can pay,)
Receive, O sacred Prince, from me; who, like a God,
Have giv'n me Life restor'd, and more than Life,—— my Husband!
Nor wou'd I have you think that any Power on Earth
But a resistless Love, cou'd e'er have forc'd
My honest Heart to brave my Prince's Anger!

*Xer.* Ay! there, indeed, thou'st nam'd a Motive
That might excuse the foulest Crime,
And wash it fair as Innocence!
Unconquerable Love! Oh, who can brave his Power?
A Power! that braves the eldest Law of Nature:
Ev'n Self-defence is lost, where he exerts his Sway:
For, who'd not rather die in Proof of Love,
Than suffer Life, untasting of his Joys?
When *Jove* created Love!
He made a greater God than *Jove!*
Hadst thou design'd the Ruine of my Empire
At Love's Command, 'twere Treason not t'obey!

From

From him alone our Hells or Heav'n we prove:
He bids the Damn'd deſpair!—the Happy, love!

*Tam.* Defend me, Heav'n! Whither wou'd he drive! [*Aſide.*

*Xer.* Riches, Ambition, Glory, Pride, may boaſt
Their ſeveral Charms to raiſe our Souls aloft;
Yet from the Height of all their towring Thoughts,
When on the eager Stretch to kiſs the Skies,
Thus do we ſee 'em lur'd to Earth, like me,
And reſt their weary'd Wings upon the Hand of Love! [*takes her Hand.*
Why doſt thou turn away? Is it ſuch Pain
To be belov'd! to be ador'd! [*Kneels.*
Can Penitence and humble Tears offend thee?
The Gods are not averſe to thoſe. We kneel
To Heav'n, and taſte of Mercy!
O why! why! didſt thou take an Angel's Form,
Without the Softneſs of an Angel's Mind?
Canſt thou not pity me?

*Tam.* Alas! it is not in my power:
Still as my Thoughts grow ſoft, my Husband ſteals 'em from me!
And he's ſo greedy of the Joy, he ſtrips my Soul,
And leaves me cruel to the World beſide.

*Xer.* Be cruel ſtill, yet will I ſtill love on: I have
Conſider'd all the vain Impoſſibles of Deſpair,
Yet have reſolv'd to uſe no other Help but Love!
But ſuch a Love! fed with ſo ſoft a Flame!
So fond of Miſery! ſo impotent of Hope!
It muſt be inoffenſive to the chaſteſt Ears!

*Tam.* Why do you hold me like a frighted Dove,
That trembles in your Hand, and murmurs for its Mate?
'Tis moſt Inhumane to be cruel 'cauſe you may.
'Tis true, I am your Slave, and in your Power.

*Xer.* Behold, I throw it off! Be free: I ſcorn
All Power but humble Paſſion,
Which thus diſrobes the Purple King,
And ſtrips him to the ſtarving Lover.
—But ſhall I, muſt I ſtarve before ſo fair a Banquet?

*Tam.* I have no Room
To entertain another Gueſt. You may
Diſturb my Love; but never can be welcome to't.

*Xer.* I'll bring with me a tender ſighing Heart;
A Lover's Heart, that bleeds, that languiſhes,
And dies, to make me welcome.

*Tam.* Give it to thoſe that ſtarve; on me 'tis loſt;
I, in a faithful Husband, have Eternal Plenty.

*Xer.* Husband's the groſſeſt Food of Love;
The Ignorant and Vulgar have their Share of him:
The poor contented Drudge of idle Nature;
Cheated of Bliſs, to be the Tool of Propagation.

But didſt thou know the Joys a Lover brings,
Thus wouldſt thou claſp me in thy willing Arms. [*Embracing her.*
And, mad with wild Deſire, confeſs
Thou haſt been fed, but never knew'ſt to taſte before.

*Tam.* Strike! ſtrike me deaf, ye Gods! O Violence!
To the Ears of Vertue!

*Xer.* Vertue's the Bane of Bliſs, and while it checks
The Husband's Love, Love leaves the Lover free.
The Miſer Husband ſtarves a generous Flame;
He thinks you laviſh, when you moſt are kind;
And even fears to ask———
What with a Looſe the happy Lover takes.
He's ſtill impatient of unknown Delight;
Begs with unſated Longings to improve the Bliſs,
And adds, by asking, to the Store of Love.
By Heav'n, ſhe muſt be mine! my Soul's on fire!
And while I graſp her thus, ſhe muſt diſſolve, or burn!
She melts! ſhe pants! her Conſcious Eyes confeſs the Joy,
And ſparkle from her Flames within!
The God of Love lays proſtrate all her Charms,
And thus I ſeize her, yielding to my Arms. [*Eagerly embracing her.*

*Tam.* Tyrant! 'tis falſe I either melt, or burn:
Exerting thus the Strength of Innocence,
I daſh thee from thy Luſtful Hopes for ever! [*Breaking from him.*
Stand off! approach me not! for if thou doſt
By all the Wrongs of my undaunted Love,
Theſe Hands, reſolv'd with horrid Force,
Shall tear my guilty Eyes away, and paſh
The reeking Balls upon the Ground before thee.

*Xer.* Why then the Spirit ly'd
That ſaid, I was deceiv'd in Woman-kind,
I knew my Hopes to conquer thee were vain;
I now deſpair, and that ſecures my Pleaſure!
Women that yield to Love, or vile Reward,
Are Things below the Paſſion of a Monarch's Soul:
But ſhe that can, like thee, be deaft to Power,
To conquering Love, yet bear the Rack for Love,
She is, indeed, a Banquet for the Gods!
I'll be their Taſter now———
And ſerve up in Raviſhment to them.
Hadſt thou ſubmitted to my eager Love,
Perhaps in Heat of Blood I had enjoy'd thee,
And after left thee like a common Thing,
Deſpis'd and hated for thy eaſie giving.

*Tam.* O happy Thought! he teaches me to 'ſcape him!
Forgive me, Love, if now I ſeem the Thing
That Love ſhould moſt abhor. [*Aſide.*

*Xer.*

*Xer.* Now, where's that Hand will hurt thoſe Beauteous Eyes?
Srive not! nor think thy Cries can move! yet do! [*Seizing her Hands.*
Reſiſt me ſtill! ſtill Curſe my hated Flame!
'Twil burn the fiercer when oppos'd:
Methinks thou art not cold, as I could wiſh.
By Heav'n, I'll grind thy ſullen Hate to Love,
And glut my Vengeance with abhorr'd Poſſeſſion.
*Tam.* And why Abhorr'd? [*Smiling.*
Can there be Horror in ſo ſweet a Pleaſure?
Can Force be needful to the yielding Fair?
I find, you think me, what I ſeem'd, all Ice!
Ah! little! little do you know of Womankind!
Our Lives! Our Thoughts! Our very Souls are Love.
Our Tears are Softneſs, and our Coyneſs Fear;
Our Frowns Affected, and our Smiles decoying;
Our Hearts are Tender, and our Tongues belye 'em;
Our Wiſhes ſecret, and our Eyes betray 'em:
We muſt be Cruel, e're we can be kind;
And uſe Reſiſtance to be more Deſir'd:
But when our Cruelty has done its Part,
And kindly prov'd how Ill the Wretch can bear,
Then! Then! Our Joy's ſecure—A look can cure Diſpair! [*Looks wantonly on him.*
*Xer.* Amazement!
*Tam.* You thought perhaps, becauſe I bore the Rack,
That I could only bear an Husbands Love?
Alas! I ſuffer'd that in ſpite to you,
Not love to him: For you were then my Foe!
My Intereſt Brib'd me there to ſuffer:
My ſtollen Pleaſures now are all ſecure,
The Rack has fix'd my Reputation fair,
It now ſhines out with ſuch a glaring Light,
It blinds the Eyes of Jealouſy.
By Heav'n I know, were you unkind, or baſe,
And ſhould divulge the Joys, I now reſolve to give,
(So fair my Honour ſtands) it wou'd not be believ'd.
*Xer.* Nay, then the Spirit did not lye: For I
Confeſs, I'm now deceiv'd in Womankind.
*Tam.* And why deceiv'd?
Cou'd you believe theſe Eyes, the Stars of Love
Were fixt? Not Planets wandring round the World
To ſearch and taſt of ſweet Variety?
A Husband's Love! periſh the ſtupid Wretch,
Whoſe Heart once fir'd, ſeeks not to burn for ever,
And has an Husbands Fuel to Maintain the Flame?
I ne're could find it ſo: For me! I own?
An Hundred Eager Lovers have ſupply'd his room,
Youth's form'd to melt, and Charm a Womans Heart,
While he abroad has fought his Country's Dauſe,
I've ſtill been raiſing Love Recruits at home.

*Xer.*

*Xer.* By all my Hopes a Strumpet!

*Tam.* But all the Conquests, that my Eyes have won,
Are Poor and Low, Compar'd to you: To make
The Monarch of the World Dispair, and Weep!
Is something sure beyond the Power of Love:
It Prides my Soul, to think my Frowns have force,
And charms me now, to dress my Heart in Smiles.

*Xer.* Thy Frowns were Smiles to me: Thy Smiles are common:
A Monarch cannot Feed, on what has pall'd his Slaves.

*Tam.* You seem uneasy, Sir, permit me touch your Hand,
To taste your Kisses! Now you're grown so cold.

*Xer.* Gods! That a Strumpet cou'd appear so Chast!
Why did I form such Monstrous hopes, to tast
A Woman's Virtue—'Tis Notion all!
Lewdness and Life, are what they take together:

*Tam.* And why! Is that a Name to Fright you?
Why did you woo, unless to win my Love?
How cou'd I yield, unless I turn'd a wanton?

*Xer.* But thou'rt so Foul, I loath thee:
With looser Beauties to delight my Blood;
Such as will sell their Honour for a Price,
I'm hourly serv'd, and pall'd! 'Tis Vulgar! No!
My Hope was here——
To tast thy Beauty, and thy Virtue too:
But know, that Royal Appetite's above
The Handled Offals of a Common Love;
Thy Virtue Tainted, thou hast lost thy Charms;
I now condemn thee to thy Husband's Arms:
But since thy Lust my Furious Love has tam'd;
As a Reward, take all my Guards inflam'd:
Or if they fail to slake thy loose desire,
So I am free, set all the World on fire. [*Exit* Xer.

*Tam.* Gods! can it be? Is then the Face of Vice,
So loathsome ev'n to the Vicious?
Triumph you Guardian Powers of Virtue!
And let your Case of Innocence this Day,
To your Eternal Glory be Recorded;
For this Escape shall tell the World a Tale,
To make your Precepts more ador'd, than ever.
The looser Beauties now shall blush to hear,
In what disgrace their lewd Embraces are.
A Tyrant Lustful, and Debauch'd with Power;
In search of Bliss, an Humble Passion wore,
Conceal'd his Lust, his slighted Crown threw by,
And only hop'd from Loves Authority:
But when he found his subtlest Art was Vain,
Unveil'd his Soul, and shew'd the Brute again.

The

The Trembling Nymph Inspir'd, for succor flies
To looſe Deſire, ſafe in that foul Diſguiſe,
She Palls his Flame, he ſtarts, and dooms her Back
To all, that Life can give, or happy Lovers take. [*Exit. At another Door.*

# ACT V.

## SCENE, *The Palace.*

*Enter* Xerxes *Attended.*

*Xer.* THrough all th'unmeaſur'd Bounds of Wild Delight,
I never yet could taſt ſubſtantial Joy,
Or know one Pleaſure more than Common Men.
If I indulge my Appetite, I'm cloy'd;
Uneaſy now, with what I lately long'd for:
If when my Blood is high I taſte of Beauty,
I looſe the Bliſs, becauſe my Power Commands;
The Peaſant there takes more delight than I
That Travels through Diſpair to ſweet Poſſeſſion.
When Deaf to Injuries, I make my way
Through others Ruine,
Stern Conſcience ſtops me ſhort, and will be heard,
She keeps me waking, when the World's at Reſt,
And ſtuffs my Pillow with a thouſannd Thornes! [*A ſhout at a diſtance.*
Ha! what mean thoſe ſhouts! they ſound of Mutiny!

*Enter* Cleontes *haſtily.*

*Cleo.* Arm! Arm, my Lord! the City's in a Tumult;
*Aranthes* having forc'd the Priſon Gates,
Has freed *Mardonius* from the Dungeon,
Who drags his Chains along the Crowded Streets,
And calls 'em brave Rewards for Loyalty.

*Xer.* Inſulting Traytor!

*Cleo.* Another Party here produc'd a Rack,
Stain'd with the Blood of fair *Tamira*'s Wounds!
Here in another place
Three dead Virgins, whom you had lately Raviſh'd,
In ſpiteful Pomp were carried round the Streets,
To turn the Peoples Hearts againſt you;
And I much fear, their Fury will be fatal.

*Xer.* Meet they no Oppoſition?
The Magiſtrates, do they ſtand Idle?
They'r out indeed; but ſhew an Hollow-hearted Power,
Unarm'd, and unreſolv'd to quell 'em:
'Tis ſaid that *Artabanus* too,
Is raiſing Friends to join 'em.

*Xer.*

*Xer.* Let him, *Mardonius* and *Aranthes* be prescrib'd,
Set on each Head an Hundred Talents:
Mean while, to make the Rabbel ours, let 'em
Have leave to Plunder every Rebels House,
Then set 'em all on Fire.
If Children, Wife or Servant there have shelter,
Let none escape, but bury all in Flames.
Allarm the Guards! Bar up the Palace Gates, and follow me. [*Exit.*

## The SCENE *Changes to the City.*

*Enter* Mardonius *in Chains*, Aranthes *Bearing his Sword, Magistrates and People shouting.*

*Aran.* Fellows in Arms, and you my Friends of Peace,
Both equally oppress'd beneath a Tyrants Yoke,
Behold our Liberty in Chains;
This Loyal Arm and Head bused in Wounds,
And watching for our Countries Peace and Honour,
Half starv'd, and Fetter'd like a common Traitor;
Unask'd, and unadvis'd of you, have we presum'd
(Presuming first, you'd not condemn the Action)
To force the Prison, and set free this Man,
Free from a Tyrants Power, but still in Chains;
If you pronounce 'em worthily put on,
Him, and his Sword to your discretion we surrender,
To arm, to execute, or free himself and you.
Is it your Will he be remanded back,
To end his Life in shameful Bonds?
Or shall he take that Sword, inur'd to Action,
And lead you forth to brave Revenge, and Liberty?

*People.* Arm him! Arm him! Liberty! Liberty! *&c.* [*They give him the Sword and unbind him.*

*Mar.* If supple Words
My Noble Country-men must speak my Thanks:
I shall appear ungrateful for this Trust Repos'd:
If Blows have Eloquence, I'll be a Talker:
Let it suffice, that I am free and Arm'd.
Not my own Wrongs; but yours shall edge my Sword,
Your Liberties Infring'd, your Rights destroy'd,
Your antient Glory sunk in Sloth and Tyranny;
Your Ransack'd Houses, and exhausted Treasure,
Your Tender Virgins, and your Wives deflower'd,
The publick Wrongs, and poor *Tamira's* Rack,
Are Stings too venom'd, not to swell Resentment,
Ev'n to your Wishes Height! Once more, I'm Yours;
Let Heav'n but smile tho' *Persia's* Head lye low,
I've yet an Arm to ward the Tyrant's Blow. *Exeunt.*

*Omnes.* Liberty, *&c.*

*Enter*

*Enter an Officer, and Four Soldiers of* Artabanus's *Party.*

*Offi.* Here Gentlemen.
Place your Selves at the Corner of this Street,
While I go privately to the Houſe;
If we can bring his Lady ſafely to him,
He'll not be wanting to Reward our Care. [*A Shout.*
Hark! the Tumult's near us!
Ha! What means yon Glaring Light! —It ſeems ſome Fire!
By Heav'n! the Houſe of *Artabanus* all in Flames!
Nay, 'tis the ſame! I know it by the Portal! look!
Look! How the Rabble ſcramble for the Plunder?
What thankleſs Care they take to ſave
The Plate and Furniture! ſee! how ſome venture
Burning to be Rogues, and yet would Tremble
Should an Honeſt Cauſe Require 'em.
[*Rabble within.*] Away with her, *&c.*
1ſt. *Sold.* And ſee the Torrent Rowles this way.
*Offi.* Ha! By Heav'n the Lady too! *Tamira*
And her Child rudely Drag'd along the Streets.
[*Within.*] Away with her! to the Palace! to the King! away with her!
1ſt. *Sold.* What's to be done? We are no number to oppoſe 'em.
*Offi.* Let us run back to *Artabanus*, and if
Poſſible, bring him down to her Relief,
Before they carry her to the King! Run,
They are upon us. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Tamira *Plunder'd, her Hair and Cloaths diſorder'd; the Rabble with her Child, ſhe ſtriving to recover it.*

*Tam.* O Barbarous Cruel Men!
If you are Men, be touch'd with Human Pitty;
If you ſeek Blood take mine, but ſpare
That harmleſs Babe! Tear not my Heartſtrings from me!
You once were Young and Innocent your ſelves,
And now perhaps have Children of your own.
O! Could you bear to ſee 'em torn by Cruel Hands,
From off their tender Mothers Breaſts?
Wou'd it not make you Bleed, and tear your Hair,
And pierce the Heav'ns with your ſhreiking Sorrows?
1. *Rab.* Come! I ſay give her the Child, it has done us
No harm, and will do us no good!
2. *Rab.* The Child's my lawful Plunder, and I will keep it.
*Tam.* [*Kneeling.*] Dear Sir, You look with Eyes of Mercy on me;
If you have Power Command, if Pity ſpeak him fair,
So at your lateſt Hour, may you ſweet Mercy find
Of Heav'n, as now you ſhow it me.
But ſee! His Bloody Arm is Rais'd! O ſtop [*She Riſes.*
The Fatal Blow! O hold! For pity hold!
See, Sir, I've that will charm you to Compaſſion;
This Diamond—— [*Takes it from her Boſom.*

1 *Rab.* Ay! That Diamond———

*Tam.* The first dear Pledge of my Unhappy Love,
To save a more Endearing One;
Weeping I bestow you: 'Tis all i'th' World
Of Value I have left me:
And were I starving now for want of Food,
If this were only left to feed me, wou'd I starve,
So much beyond my Life I prize its worth!
But oh! so far beyond 'em both I love my Child.

2. *Rab.* Ay! now I feel thee Woman! let's see the Ring.

*Tam.* Here, Gentle Sir, and with it take
Ten Thousand Prayers—— Sir——

2. *Rab.* You must have no Child, till I have such another Diamond.

*Tam.* By all my Woes I am a Beggar!
You cannot be so Cruel to refuse me now;
Believe me! search! take all! strip me
To pinching Cold, to every thing but shame.
Tear off this Idle Robe, it misbecomes me
While that tender Infant needs it.

3. *Rab.* Pshah! away with her! must we stand to hear
A Woman Prate?

2. *Rab.* Ay! Ay! away with her! *&c.*

*Tam.* My Child! O Savage Creatures! [*Catching at the Fellow,*

*Om.* To the King, to the Palace! away with her. [*she falls on the Ground.*

*Tam.* Ha! The King! Not all your force shall drag me;
Thus will I Dash the Ground, and tear a Passage
To escape him! Fierce Thunder strike me to the Grave!
Gape Earth, and take me living down to Horror!
Torments! any Hell! But Life and Shame! O!

*Omn.* Drag her! away with her, *&c.* [*They drag her by the Hair.*

*Tam.* O Cruel! Cruel Men! [*As they are going off.*

*Enter* Mardonius, Aranthes, *and their Party.*

*Mar.* What means this strange Disorder Friends?
Why swarm you thus like angry Bees unhiv'd,
That sting in wild Revenge, or Friend, or Foe?
Is it because you want a Head to lead you?
Or do you blindly serve a Tyrant's Will?
Why is this Woman rudely drag'd along? [*They loose her, as half afraid.*

*Tam.* Relieve me Heav'n!

*Mar.* Now by my Soul! the Fair *Tamira.* Help ho! [*They Raise her.*

*Tam.* Protect me, Brave *Mardonius!*

*Mar.* Protect! Yes, and Revenge thee too; Villains!

*Tam.* Hold! I conjure you hold—— Good Sir, be mild,
And speak 'em fair, or that Revenge
May cost me dearer, than my Life—my Child!

*Mar.* Ha! Forego the Infant, Slaves!
Or by the lifted Fury of this Arm——

*Tam.*

*Tam.* Oh! do not fright 'em Sir! see! they're merciful
And kind! they will not hurt the Babe!
*Mar.* Whence comes this Insolence, you Hounds! } *They set down the Child, which runs into her Arms.*
You hungry yelping Curs, that run at all
Whence Mischief cries Halloo!
Is Innocence your Game? Hence! to your Kennels Dogs!
*Omn.* Fly! Fly! *&c.* [*Beats 'em off.*
*Aran.* Let 'em run on, they are not worth pursuit,
Their Fear will soon disperse 'em.
*Tam.* But where's my Lord, my *Artabanus*, Sir!
Why is it he's not with you!
*Mar.* Having expected him er'e this to join us,
We sent to know th' occasion of his delay,
And every Moment wait his Answer.
*Aran.* And see, Sir, the Messenger is return'd!

*Enter an Officer.*

*Mar.* Now! Have you seen the General?
*Offi.* My Lord, I found him Posted on a little Hill
Without the City;
From whence, Enrag'd, he saw his House in Flames,
And led his Men with Fury down to join you:
As he was Marching on,
An Officer (whom just before h'had sent
To find, and bring his Lady to him)
With breathless haste Inform'd him that the Rabble,
Were that very moment dragging her to the Palace;
At this he Trembl'd, and his Lips grew Pale;
But on a sudden, starting from the Fit,
He March'd his Numbers in disorder'd haste,
Strait on to th' Palace, resolving there
To force the Guards, to Dye, or Rescue her;
And this delays him, Sir.
*Mar.* Ill Tim'd and dangerous Error!
But hast! away again, and tell him
His *Tamira*'s safe with me—— If he shou'd force
The Guards, he runs into the Jaws of Death.
*Tam.* O! Fly before the Danger meets him. *Ex. Officer.*
*Mar.* Some on before to stop the Fire!
*Tamira* be your Care *Aranthes*,
While I with these March on to his Assistance. *Ex.* Tam. *and* Aran.

*Enter a Second Officer Wounded.*

*Offi.* Arm! Arm!
*Mar.* How now Soldier! What mean these Wounds?
*Offi.* My Lord, they faintly speak our General's Danger.
*Mar.* Where is he?
*Offi.* This Moment Storming at the Palace Gate,
I left him there demanding his *Tamira*,
And threatning if refus'd, to bury it in Ashes.

At which the King in mad Revenge grown desperate,
Threw him an Handkerchief Distain'd with Blood,
And cry'd, take there! There's all that's left
Of thy *Tamira* now, the rest of her is Cold.
Swell'd with that Sight, he flew with Fury on the Guards,
And now Impatient of Revenge, like Wildfire throws
Destruction round him for a Time;
But must at last Expire, and let his curious Foes
With safe Amazement, view the wondrous shell that held it.
Alas! I fear you'll be too late: But yet
There's Hope in haste, my Lord, to stem this Flood of Ruin.
*Mar.* O Fatal Error! on to the Palace! March! *Exeunt.*

## SCENE *The Palace.*

*An Allarm is heard, several run o'e the Stage, and* Xerxes *in Disorder.*

*Omn.* Fly! Fly! they are Entring! they are upon us: Fly! *Exeunt.*
*Xer.* Confusion! How the Slaves forsake me!
They've caught me in the Snare! Nor can I 'scape 'em now.
Let 'em go all! I'll stand the shock alone!
The fearful Stag at Bay will Fight,
Will dye reveng'd upon his Hunters;
And the fierce Lyon's wilder in the Toil:
Shall Danger shake a Monarch's Soul?
Now by my Crown's Right Royal Majesty
I will not fall! What Hoa! my Beaver Slaves!
I'll put the Godhead on, and Destiny
Shall tear her Idle Scrolls of Fate decreed;
For she has written false of me! I will not dye,
Nor shall my Foes have power to Face me!
Thus with this Awful Front,
I'll look the Raging God within,
And Frown 'em into Fear! —Thou Pale fac'd Slave! [*Shout & Clashing.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sol.* My Lord, Your Guards are half destroy'd,
The rest Revolted all to *Artabanus*,
Who like a Deluge, with his Force comes Rowling in.
*Xer.* Let him Rowl on!
He meets a Rock will stand unmov'd his Roar,
And dash him into Dew. [*Shout again.*

*Enter* Artabanus *Pressing back his Followers.*

*Art.* On pain of Death let no Man follow me!
*Xer.* How darest thou Slave!
With that Rebellious Face Confront thy King,
Or Tempt the Vengeance of a waking Deity?
*Art.* When Kings are Cast in Molds Divine,
We find their Actions Great and Pitiful:
Pity's the Noblest Composition of a God.

But

But thou haſt none! No ſoft Compaſſion ever toucht thee.
Tygers and Wolves, to thee, are tame! See here, [*The Handkerchief.*
The ruful Flag proclaims thee worſe than Tyrant:
Or if a nearer Name can reach thee—— Devil!

*Xer.* Traytor——

*Art.* From any Mouth but thine, wou'd ſhock my Soul.
Or if I am a Traytor,
Ev'n thoſe juſt Powers that gave me Vertue,
When they behold the Wrongs that rais'd my Arm,
Will ſure allow, I was not prompt to Ill,
Not eaſily diſloyal—— My Vertue did its part:
If held, it ſtruggled ſtoutly to be tame.
But here's a Force would break the ſtrongeſt Hold,
And turn ev'n Pity to Revenge and Rage.
If yet the Horrour of the Deed
Has left thee Temper, ſpeak! What had the poor
*Tamira* done, to merit ſuch a Death?
Why haſt thou kill'd——
The tendreſt Mother, and the ſofteſt Wife?

*Xer.* But that I know to ſay, will gall thy Heart,
I'd ſpurn thee, Traytor, for this bold Demand;
Daring to ask a Reaſon of thy Monarch's Will:
But, as a God, to Thunder-ſtrike thy Soul,
I tell thee, Slave, I Whor'd her to a Diſ-liking,
And then ſhe was unfit for Life:
Nor cou'd I brook to let her live for thee,
After the Stamp of Royal Love was on her.

*Art.* O ſavage! bloody Tyrant! The Horrour of his Words
Has numm'd my Senſes, and drowns my weak Revenge in Tears.

*Xer.* Now, By my Glorious Brother in the Skies,
My Words have more than Power of common Kings;
They're ſomething near! 'Tis Second Fate
To ſtrike this hardy Soldier pale with Fear!
He weeps! he dies!—— I've look'd him to a Ghoſt!

*Art.* And art thou dead! Our Infant-Love for ever parted!
—No more of Woman now!— Farewell!
Nor need I this to dry my Tears,
The Thirſt of Vengeance rages in my Blood,
And drinks 'em faſter than they flow——
Hear, hear me, Gods! Revenge your Heads prophan'd; [*Kneels.*
And as the Cauſe, the woeful Cauſe, is yours,
So from this Arm (your not unwilling Inſtrument)
Hurl ſwift Deſtruction to the Tyrant's Heart—— [*Riſing.*

*Xer.* I laugh at all that Fate can do! Come on, raſh Fool!
And if thy Life's a Pain, (as, ſure, a Rebel's ought,)
Thus Hand to Hand oppos'd, Death never took
A Nobler Form to face thee——

*Art.*

*Art.* Now, By the Sun's Refulgent Ray,
I meet thee worthy of my Rage.
Oh! I cou'd thank thee that thy Blood's so high:
That Manly Fury in thy Eyes transports me!
It sets the Noble Front of Honour in my View,
And heightens my Revenge with Glory.

[*They fight; and after some Passes,* Xerxes *speaks.*

*Xer.* Confusion! How he dallies with my Fury!
But thus I pour it all at once
And certain send thee to the Shades.

*Art.* And thus the Gods re-pay thee——— [*Both fall.*

*Xer.* Furies! and Hell! They've struck me now indeed!
But if there be Hereafter, I'll revenge it still:
Rebellion from the lowest Shades shall rise,
And give 'em fresh Alarms of War,
More dreadful than their puny Giants Rage:
The desperate Fiends, by me to Freedom led,
Shall dash their Chains against their Crystal Tow'rs,
And shake their Heav'n to Horrour!——Oh! I am faint!
My gushing Blood flows inward to my Throat.
And drives out Life before it! Ha! 'tis false!
I am not dying! No! I'm weary of the World,
And now will sleep for ever!——— [*Dies.*

*Art.* When I behold this Sight, I wish to follow thee:
Death cannot be more terrible;
His Hand is on me, and his Looks are mild.
To be no more, is now to be most happy.
Oh, for a Friendly Witness of my Glory! Hark! [*A Trumpet.*
My Fortune's kind, I hear 'em coming!

*Enter* Mardonius *and his Party.*

Oh! welcome Friend! My Fellow-Soldiers, welcome!
See there the Wounds of *Persia* cur'd, the Tyrant's dead:
By me he fell, and poor *Tamirâ* is reveng'd.

*Mar.* Horrour on Horrour! Thy *Tamira* lives!
And comes with eager Love to meet thy Arms:
Oh! rather had she died, than thus to meet thee!

*Art.* What means my Friend? *Tamira* living?

*Mar.* Run! Haste, and tell her of this bloody Chance!
If she would see her Husband, she must fly. [*Exit a Soldier.*
Alas, my Friend! That Gory Handkercher
Was only by the Tyrant thrown to gall thee:
Thy poor *Tamira* lives! This Moment dragg'd along
By the rude Rabble, I redeem'd her safe.
But hark! *Aranthes* brings her on! He faints! [*A Trumpet at a distance.*
O Cruel! Gods! can you not lend one Hour
To a departing Lover!

*Art.* Grieve not for me! Give to my Wife thy Tears;
She'll need a Friends Compassion: Let not her Sorrows

(For

(For I know she'll mourn my Fall) be desperate:
Her little Infant will require some Care;
I charge her, live for that———
Commend me to her Heart, and let her know,
My latest dying Words, and Thoughts,
Confest her Loving, more than Life belov'd——— [*Dies.*

*Mar.* He's gone! O Freedom dearly bought!
Unwelcome Peace! Without the Life that gave it.
But see, his frighted Widow comes! O mournful Thought!
O piteous Woman!

*Enter* Aranthes, *with* Tamira: *She runs to the Body.*

*Tam.* Where! where's my bleeding Lord? Stand off!
O give him to my Arms! Hah!— Speechless! and pale! Oh!

*Aranthes.* Help ho! she sinks; lets raise her from him.

*Tam.* Oh! we must never part,
But with more Pain than Bodies lose their Souls.
Dear Sir, for Pity's sake oppose me not:
Ev'n in your Eyes I read a Friend's Concern;
But mine's a nearer Tye! a Wife! Alas!
I was his Wife, his tender Wife belov'd.

*Mar.* Indeed, I pity thee: But yet, call Reason to thy Aid.

*Tam.* Ah! Do I not, my Lord? Are not my Tears my Duty?—
Have I not Cause to tear my Flesh, to bleed,
And dash me on the Ground?———
Oh! cou'd my Tears but fall like Showers from Heav'n,
This dismal Object, sure, wou'd drown the World.

*Mar.* Be comforted, fair Creature!
Nothing is ours: Nature but lends us Life.
Since Death's a Debt that all must pay———

*Tam.* Since he is dead, is there a Comfort left me?
Oh! I cou'd out-weep the Southern Clouds! Away,
And give my Sorrows Room: Stand off!
And let me fill my Arms with Woe: [*Embracing the Body.*
Grudge me not this! This Ease of Misery indulg'd,
Let me but talk a while, and gaze, and kiss
His cold, unfeeling Lips, and you shall see me quiet;
Hush'd as the Cradle-Babe,
When chidden by its angry Parent to a Slumber. [*Weeps over him.*

*Aran.* Give her her Way, my Lord!
Her Grief swells higher when oppos'd.

*Mar.* By Heav'n, this stubborn Heart, that has, unmov'd,
Walk'd by a Heap of groaning Foes,
At this sad Sight is melted down to Woman.

*Tam.* Hush!— Who's that, weeps so loud!— You'll wake my Lord!
He is not well,——— he slumbers, and a cold,
Damp Sweat is on his Brow! O my poor Love!
Hark! hark! He calls me in his Sleep! He chides;
Says I am unkind, and fear to follow him!

As

As if the Terrour were not in Life behind him! Ha!
What means this Friendly Weapon at my Breaſt?
It looks not, ſure, as if the Hand of Chance,---
But Love, had laid it, to relieve my Woes!
——'Tis ſo! —— 'Twas Love:——— and Love applies it here!
——[*She ſtabs her ſelf with her Husband's Sword.*

*Aran.* O fatal Deed!

*Mar.* O raſh Deſpair!

*Tam.* Call it not raſh, when there's ſuch Eaſe in Death.
But Death, alas! is never wholly kind,
For tho' I'm pleas'd to think I had not Power
T' out-live my Lord, yet, Oh! it grieves my Heart
That I have robb'd an Infant of its Mother.
Oh! be a Friend to that; and teach him, Sir,
To keep the Middle-Paths of Active Life,
When wild Ambition, or too powerful Love,
With eager Heat would drive him blindly on;
Be kind, and warn him with his Parents Ruin. [*Dies.*

*Mar.* There broke
The tend'reſt Heart that ever ſigh'd in Love:
But Love was her Undoing; for once,
In wild Revenge, to right her Love betray'd,
She ſtruck a Ponyard to the Villain *Memnon*'s Heart.
The Gods have frown'd; but Men muſt pity her:
Nay, Heav'n but half reſents her Fault, gives her
A kind, a not untimely Death: 'Twas then
Too late to live, when all ſhe lov'd was gone.
Remove the Bodies, never more to part:
Living, one chaſte Bed; now one Grave ſhall hold 'em.
But here, the Gods with Terrour ſtrike Mankind. [*Turning to* Xerxes.
Let Kings and jarring Subjects hence be warn'd,
Not to oppreſs, or drive Revenge too far:
Kings are but Men, and Men by Nature err;
Subjects are Men, and cannot always bear.
Much ſhou'd be born before Revenge is ſought:
Ever Revenge on Kings is dearly bought.
Yet, to our Woes, the Gods this Comfort give;
From thoſe that die, the Living learn to live.

*The* E N D.

# Love makes a Man:

OR,

# The Fop's Fortune.

A

# COMEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre Royal in *Drury Lane*,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

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*Written by* C. Cibber.

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*Interdum tollit Comædia Vocem.* Hor.

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